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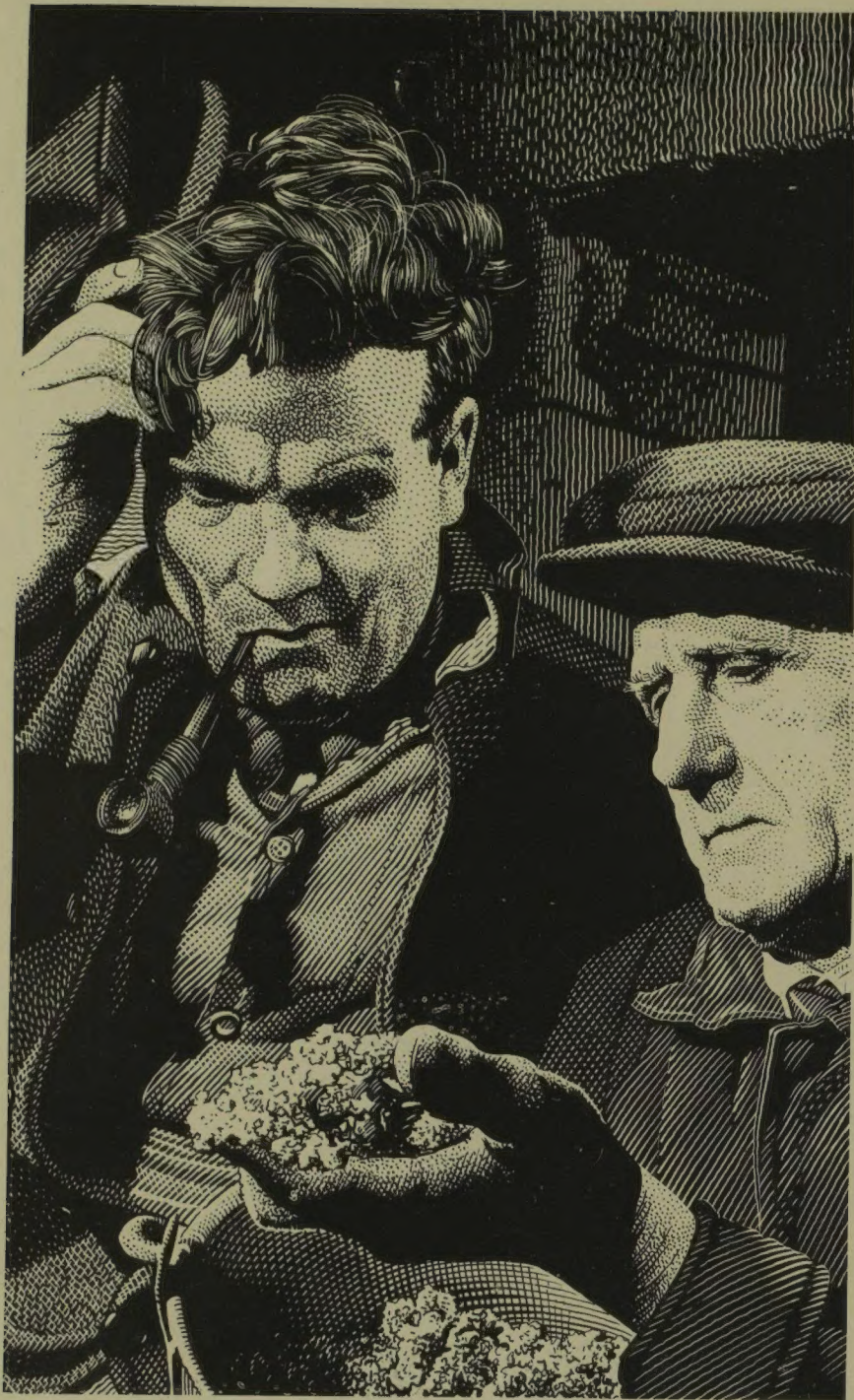
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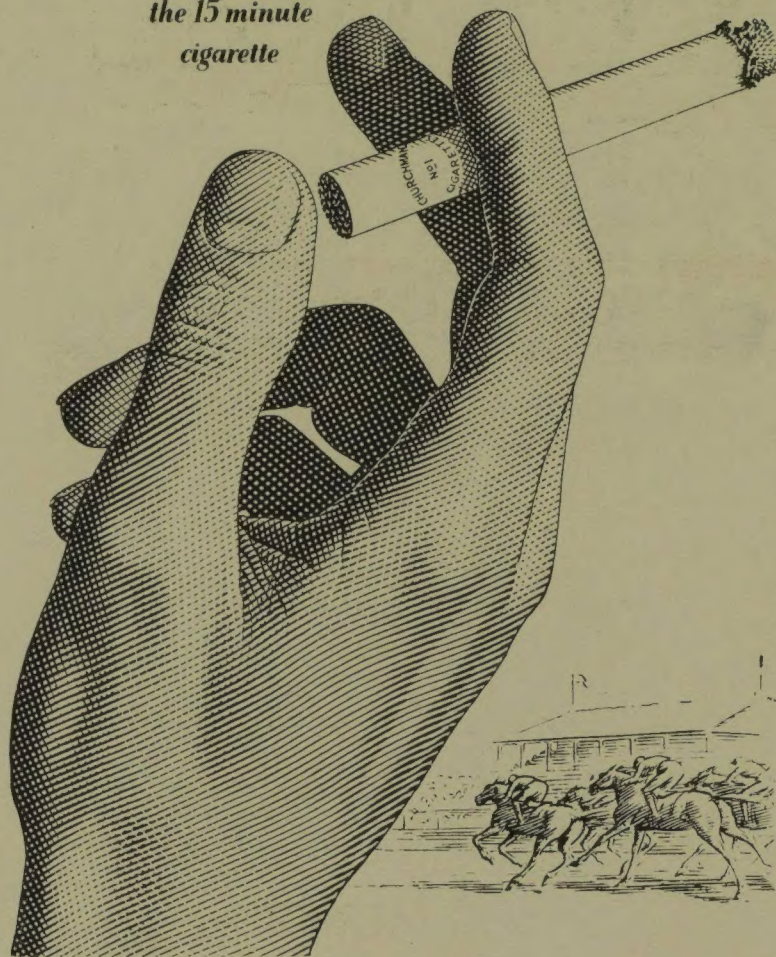
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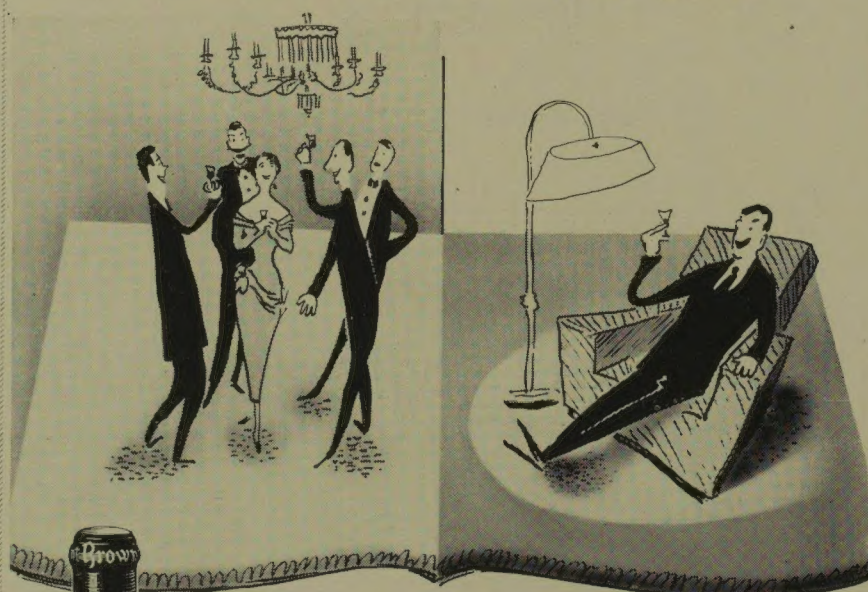
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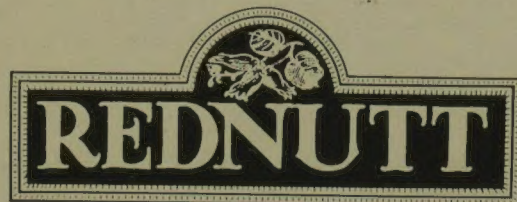
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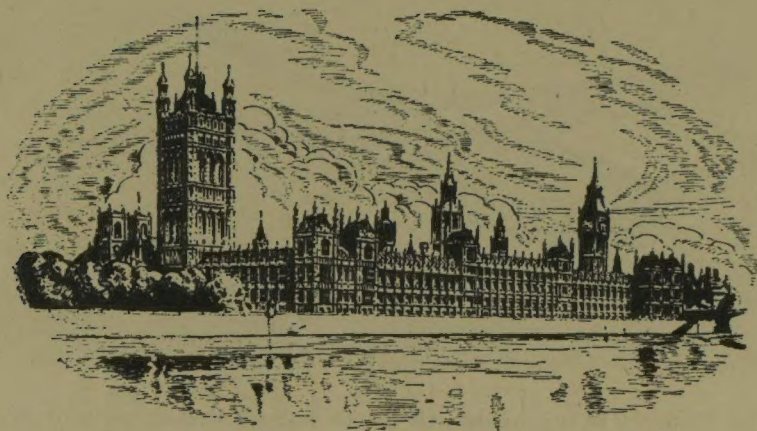
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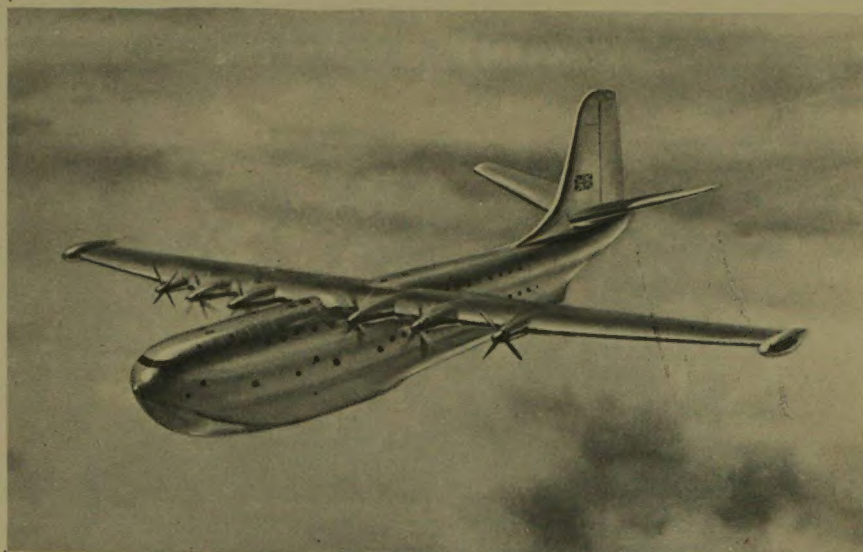
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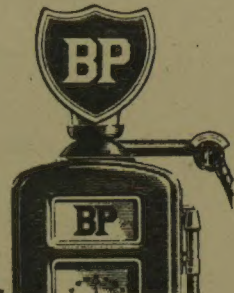


## BP PLAYS A BIG PART IN BRITISH PROGRESS

The rapid development of Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's home refineries HELPED TO END PETROL RATIONING in Britain.

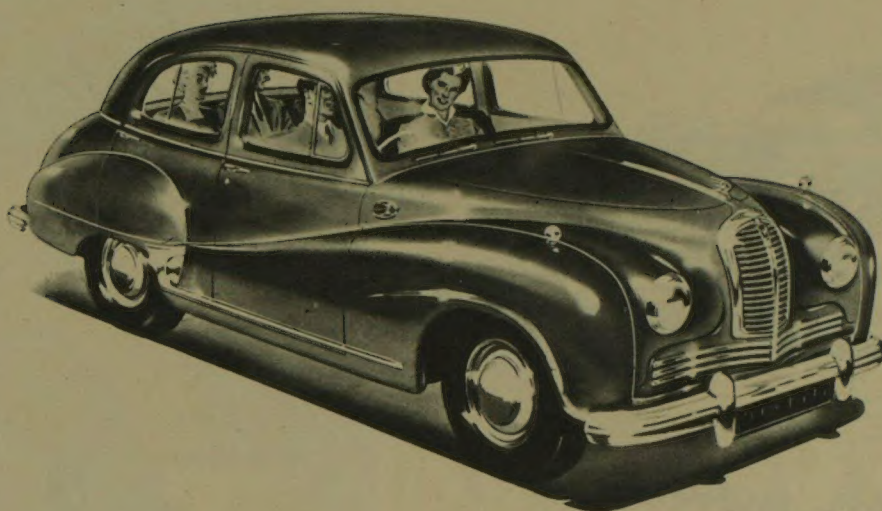
The steel column of this crude-oil distillation unit recently installed at Llandarcy, the BP refinery in South Wales, is over 150 feet high. Constructing and erecting this new unit made a full time job for 1,500 people in 1949.

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# Again Austin makes News

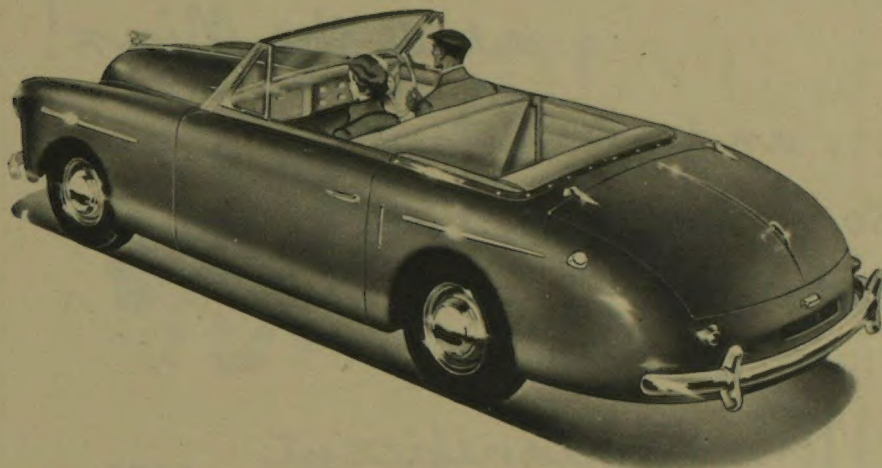


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At the Motor Show, admiring crowds were drawn to this brand new A70 with up-to-the-minute body styling and room for six persons. The high efficiency O.H.V. engine gives outstanding performance and economy.

## A40 SPORTS

This is the car for all-weather motoring enjoyment. Its sleek modern lines, roomy body and high efficiency O.H.V. engine make it an ideal convertible for the 'sports' enthusiast.



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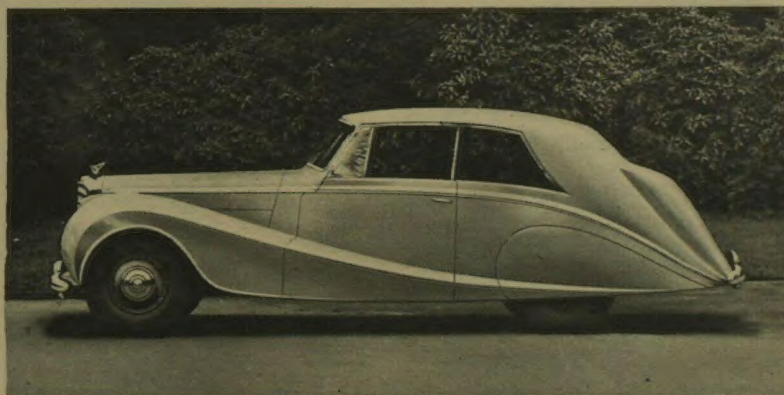
\* \* \*

HOOPER AND COMPANY (COACHBUILDERS) LIMITED

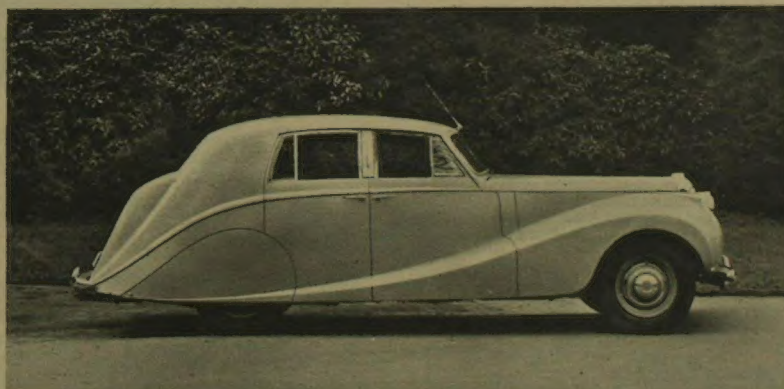
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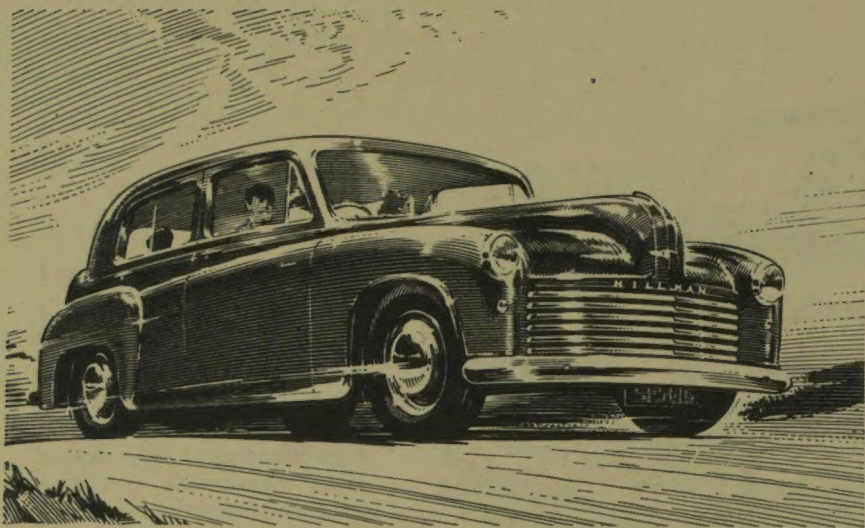


Design No. 8283  
Hooper Touring Limousine on Rolls-Royce Silver Wraith Chassis



Design No. 8237  
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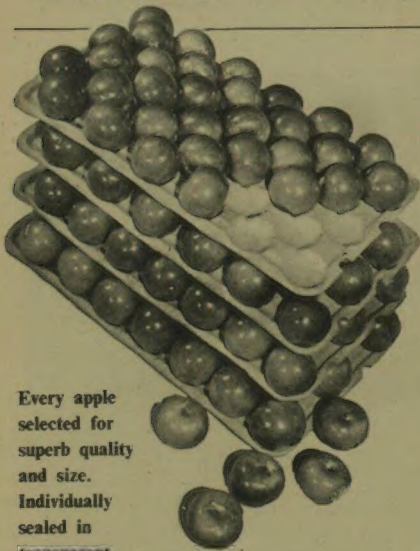
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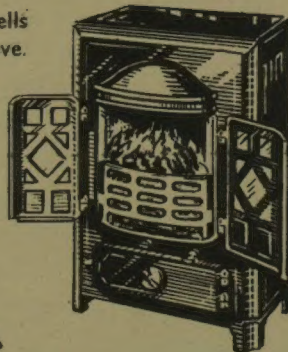
A Courtier Stove in your home will  
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This brochure, No. 150/6, tells  
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Keep it Handy

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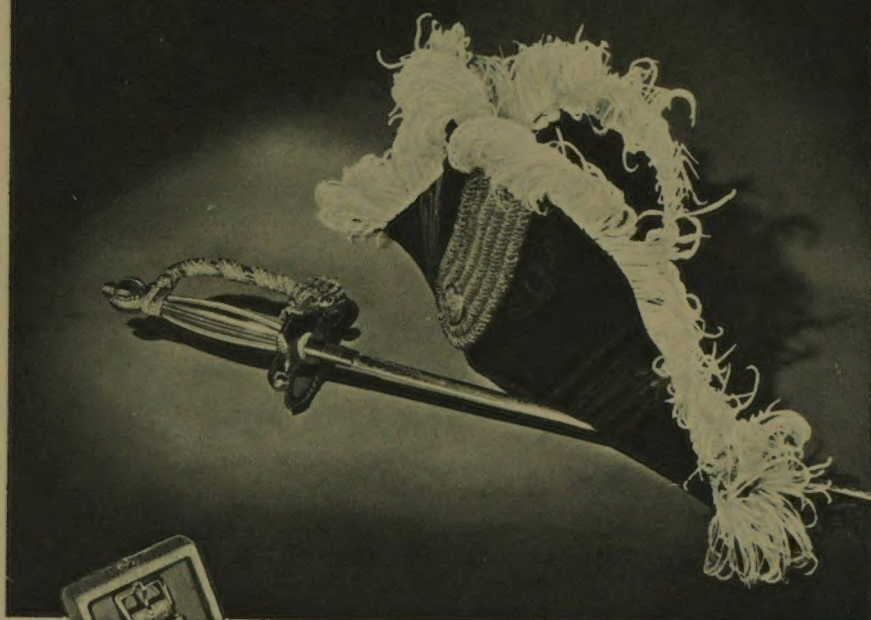


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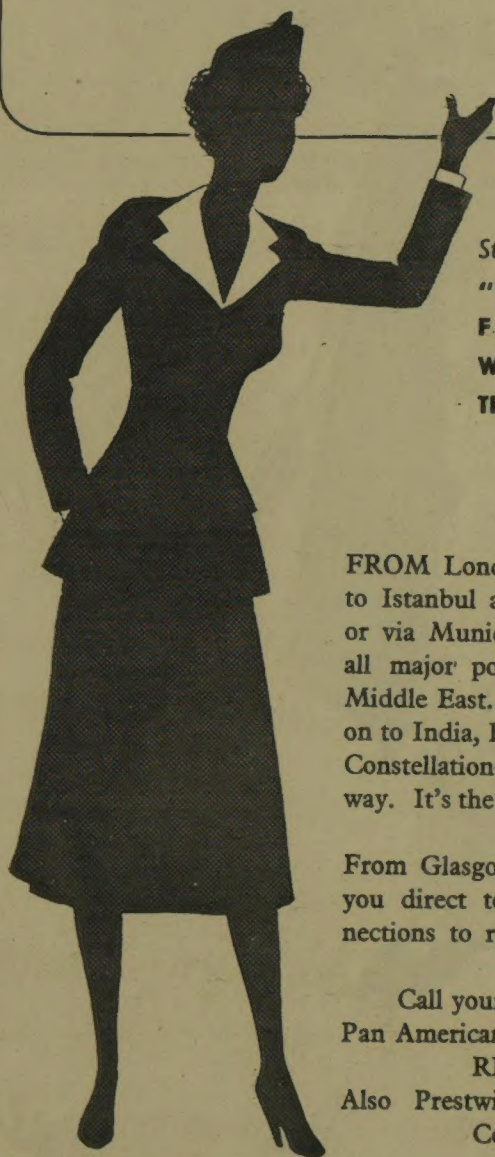


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THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

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CONSEQUENTLY, the closest liaison is maintained between the Hoover engineers and technicians and the Company's sales and service departments. What is more, Hoover employ trained specialists whose job it is to keep in constant touch with the public — to discover just how Hoover products are used, what new requirements may have arisen, what suggestions there may be for improvement, and so on.

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By this symbol you may identify the proud and ancient lineage of genuine Harris Tweed, spun from virgin Scottish Wool, dyed, finished, and hand woven by the Crofters of the Outer Hebrides. It is the heraldry of traditionally incomparable quality.



- ★ Look for the mark on the cloth
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Issued by The HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LTD.





Black suede and hide leather lined moire £5.5.0

Gold hand beaded evening handbag £37.10.0

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So economical is the Aga in fuel consumption that savings in fuel bills eventually cover its initial cost. Look at it this way: the Model CB Aga has a *guaranteed* maximum fuel consumption of 3½ tons a year. With coke at £5 a ton this means your quarter's fuel bill is less than £4.7.6 — i.e., for less than a shilling a day you have constant hot water and a perfect cooking service. Compare this figure with your current fuel budget. The *difference* will give you your monthly *saving*. And the answer will set you thinking seriously.

## On Work:

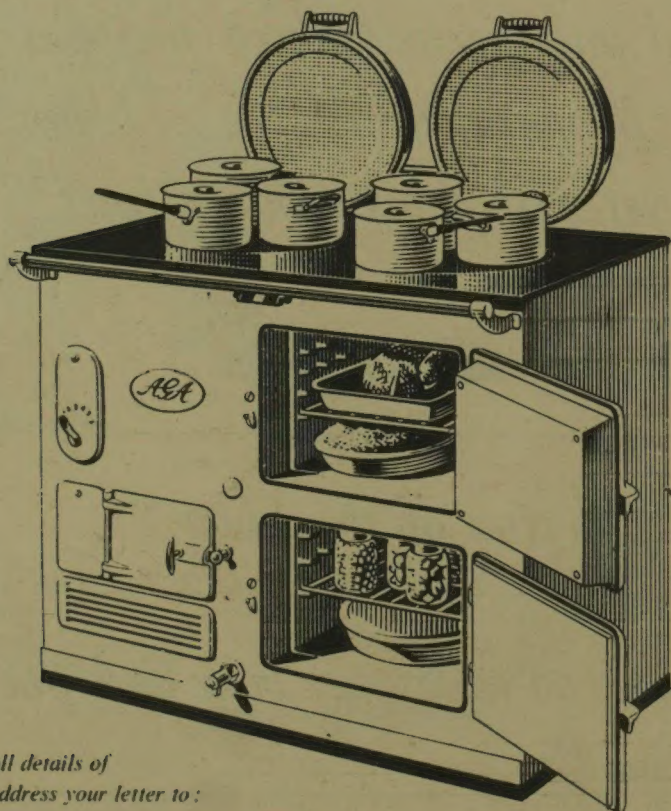
How much work the Aga saves! No fire lighting, no blackleading, no constant stoking or refuelling, no greasy fumes, no soot or smoke. The Aga is as good as a servant in the kitchen.

## On Capital:

Since 1929 tens of thousands of far-sighted couples have installed the Aga as an investment. They have got their money back long since and their fuel savings are now tax-free income.

## On Income:

The Aga CB is the only cooker and water heater which can be bought on Hire Purchase over a period of as long as five years (and is the only cooker and water heater on the market which is guaranteed for ten years). For as little as £2 a month (say 10/- a week or 1/6 a day) you can enjoy the most efficient cooker and an absolutely certain, trouble-free supply of hot water.



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Swiss craftsmen have been dedicated to this art of the watch for three hundred years. In each century new knowledge has been gained, new improvements made. And each improvement, each advance in technical skill, has been passed on from fathers to sons for fourteen generations.

This is why the watchmanship of the Swiss is acknowledged to be the finest in the world. This is why we can say that the fine Swiss watch you buy today took three hundred years to make. It is certain to be a more accurate watch — a watch that will last longer — a watch you can really rely on.

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The WATCHMAKERS



OF SWITZERLAND



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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1950.



**EIGHT YEARS AFTER EL ALAMEIN: KING FAROUK OF EGYPT LISTENING TO HIS PREMIER, NAHAS PASHA, READING THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE, WHICH CALLED FOR THE COMPLETE EVACUATION OF BRITISH TROOPS FROM EGYPT AND THE HANDING OVER OF THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN SUDAN TO EGYPT.**

On November 16—almost exactly eight years after the resounding victory of British Commonwealth arms at El Alamein had freed Egypt from the threat of the German and Italian armies—King Farouk opened the second session of the present Egyptian Parliament and in the Speech from the Throne, which his Premier, Nahas Pasha, read, called for a revision of the Anglo-Egyptian

Treaty of 1936, the evacuation of British troops from Egypt and the unification of the Nile Valley under the Egyptian Crown. The Sudan is a joint Anglo-Egyptian Condominium, established in 1899 and reaffirmed in 1936, and the British view is that any change in status should be in accordance with the views of the Sudanese themselves. Views of the Canal Zone appear on pages 850-851.



# SUBJECT OF RECENT EGYPTIAN PROTESTS: BRITISH TROOPS IN THE CANAL ZONE.



THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE MIDDLE EAST LAND FORCES! THE ENTRANCE TO G.H.Q. AT FAYID, WITH GEBEL SHABRAWIT IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND.



THE BEACH AT THE WOMEN'S SERVICES CLUB AT FAYID, WHERE ARMY WELFARE SERVICES HAVE DONE THEIR BEST TO PROVIDE PLEASANT SOCIAL AMENITIES.



A BRITISH SERGEANT AND HIS WIFE AND FAMILY BEING SHOWN OVER A MARRIED QUARTERS BUILDING ESTATE AT FAYID, IN THE CANAL ZONE.



(ABOVE.) AN UNEXPECTED SIDE-LIGHT ON THE DUSTY AND ARID CANAL ZONE IN EGYPT: A FLOWERY VISTA IN THE NURSERY GARDENS, WHICH ARE MAINTAINED AT G.H.Q. AT FAYID.



ELSEWHERE in this issue we report the Speech from the Throne, which Nahas Pasha read for King Farouk at the opening of the session of the Egyptian Parliament on November 16, of which one of the most notable points was the demand for the evacuation of British troops from Egypt. The presence of British troops in Egypt is, of course, called for by the necessity to preserve the security of the Suez Canal, a waterway whose importance in the maintenance of international peace and prosperity can hardly be over-estimated. It is, after all, only eight years since the threat to the Canal and, indeed, to the whole of Egypt by the German and Italian

(LEFT.) MILITARY TRAINING IN THE DESERT NEAR FAYID: GUNNERS WITH A SELF-PROPELLED LIGHT ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN. THE PIT IS DUG AND THE TRUCK BACKED INTO IT FOR ACTION.



# MILITARY TRAINING AND SOCIAL LIFE AT BRITISH G.H.Q. IN THE CANAL ZONE.



A TREE-LINED AVENUE IN PART OF THE MARRIED QUARTERS BLOCK AT FAYID, WHERE IS SITUATED THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE MIDDLE EAST LAND FORCES.



A SHIP PASSING THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL—THE WATERWAY WHICH IS AN ESSENTIAL PART OF WORLD PEACE AND PROSPERITY AND WHICH CALLS FOR ARMED PROTECTION.



(ABOVE.) ANOTHER VIEW OF THE WOMEN'S SERVICES CLUB AT FAYID, WITH ITS PLEASANT TERRACES, SUN-BATHING BEACHES AND CHEERFUL "LIDO" ACCOMMODATION.



A BRITISH MILITARY POLICEMAN SHAKING HANDS WITH AN EGYPTIAN SENTRY AT A FRONTIER POST IN THE SUEZ CANAL DISTRICT.

forces was removed by the resounding victory of the British Commonwealth forces at El Alamein. Foreign Office comment on the Egyptian demonstration has been reserved in tone, but it has been pointed out that the defence of the Middle East, especially at present, has a direct bearing on the security of many countries, and should therefore be regarded from that point of view, rather than from a purely nationalistic one. The photographs on this page were taken around Fayid, in the Canal Zone, where is situated the G.H.Q., Middle East Land Forces, and show some of the living conditions of the British troops stationed there.

(RIGHT.) BRITISH DEFENCES AGAINST AIR ATTACK ON A WATERWAY OF INTERNATIONAL IMPORTANCE: GUNNERS RECEIVING TRAINING ON A HEAVY ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN IN THE DESERT NEAR THE SUEZ CANAL.







By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A SHORT while ago there appeared in a great Sunday newspaper an article entitled "To a Just, Fair and Steady Britain." It was written by a distinguished foreign-born scientist, Professor Rudolf Peierls, and was in answer to a series of photographs of foreign atomic scientists working in this country, entitled "Perturbed Men," which had been published following the disappearance of Dr. Pontecorvo. And since General Smuts, speaking of Britain in the "blitz" December of 1940, told his people in South Africa that he would stand by the country which, when he and his fellow-Boers were at their mercy, treated them as a Christian people, I have read nothing about my country that has moved me so profoundly or that I have felt, with all her many and present shortcomings, to be more fundamentally true. "No," replied Professor Peierls, "I am not perturbed. . . . The reason is my belief in the fairness, justice and steadiness of public opinion in this country. The British public do not get worked up over loose suspicions or unfounded accusations. Even in the stress of war: they did not hold one brother responsible for the action of another, or blame the father for the crime of the son. They do not like to judge a man for the faith of his grandparents, nor refuse him a fair hearing because he speaks a foreign language." Were it otherwise, the Professor continued, "that would be a disaster not for myself, but for the world. It would mean the loss of the greatest tradition of justice and fairness and respect for human rights. If this were to happen I would be a perturbed man, indeed."

There, in the words of a man born in Berlin, who came to this country in 1933—year of raven destiny and ill-omen for Europe—and who became a British subject in an even darker but far more glorious year—1940—is the answer to all those who doubt our country's future and see the confused world of to-day as one without purpose and hope. That, and I would suggest that alone, is the justification of all of which we in this country are proud: of our sober Throne and tolerant Parliament, of our valiant, self-restrained Navy, Army and Air Force and all their glorious traditions of fortitude and sacrifice, of our gentle pastoral landscape, and good-humoured city streets, of our poets and dreamers and artists. We are the nation that believes in justice as the first human necessity—not justice so much in the grand abstract as justice for the individual man and woman—and is ready, when need arises, to stake its all and to act with a wonderful discipline and unity and resolution to ensure the survival of such justice. That was the meaning of that terrible day in 1939 when we went home from our work in the evening, knowing every man of us, that the evil we had so much dreaded and sought so hard to avoid, had come to pass by our

own considered and deliberate choice, that 1914-17 had come again and in a still more dreadful form, and that we must needs pay the full and fearful price for our well-meaning, wishful-thinking folly and negligence during the years of disarmament and the Peace Pledge Union. But to the men and women of this island justice and fair play meant so much that, in the face of Hitler's furious and armed contempt for these things, they knew that there was no other course for them but to defend them even though they had little at that moment but their bare fists with which to do so. Their whole tradition, history and civilisation drove them into that hated field—the drab, dark days and nights of totalitarian war, the stricken Dunkirk beaches, the blitzed cities, the icy waters of the Atlantic and Arctic, the lonely exile in desert and jungle, the partings and sufferings and all but unbearable sacrifices and agonies of what lay ahead. There lies the justification of all we do and are: of our existence as a people, of the very meaning

At the core of this great tradition is an elementary truth. It derives from our long Christian heritage: the heritage of St. Columba and Dunstan; of Anselm and Latimer; of Wesley and John Howard and Wilberforce, of Newman, Florence Nightingale and General Gordon. It is the belief that every human being has a soul worth saving and a body worth tending. Through all the aberrations of national policy and contemporary thought and fashion we have constantly reverted to that belief as the pointer of a magnetic compass swings back, after whatever external reverberations, to the pole. It was the belief that in the full flood of early nineteenth-century snobbery caused a Parliament of reluctant aristocrats and game-preservers to renounce the use of man-traps against poachers and to admit, however grudgingly, that the lowly artisan had as much right to combine in his search for economic salvation as his employer; that in the slothful complacency of the eighteenth century sent the great humanitarians into the slums and prisons and pagan villages

in search of lost souls; that in the heyday of *laissez faire* caused men as diverse as Shaftesbury and Disraeli and the Kingsleys to go crusading and lay the foundations of our present "welfare state." Even to-day when the dead hand of socialist theory and bureaucratic practice stifles the active expression of the individual conscience, the rigidity and inhumanity of State despotism is constantly being softened by corporate acts of surprising elasticity and tenderness that express this ancient and deep-seated belief. In what other country in the world, one wonders, would a village post office, at the height of a great and perilous struggle for

national survival, display notices instructing the aged and feeble how to apply for special allowances of tea and other comforts? And the traditional asylum offered to the persecuted of other nations springs from the same salutary source: the natural and Christian health, as I see it, that is in us. Our rulers were foolish; certainly, to assume that patriotism is a negligible force and to take the virtues of loyalty it engenders in those who possess it so much for granted as to credit them automatically to those who had had no reason or opportunity to love this country. That was the tragedy of the Fuchs and, one fears, of the Pontecorvo case. But the instinct which prompts a Briton to treat a foreigner in trouble as he would treat his own kith and kin and to judge every charge against him, even in a moment of national panic and hysteria, on its own and his individual merits, is not foolish at all, but profoundly wise. It is the very heart of what we call the English tradition, and it is what makes the white cliffs of Dover and the homely English fields and the grey Abbey and the dome of St. Paul's a symbol all the world over of justice and humanity and of valour and constancy in their defence.

## FINE REMBRANDT PORTRAITS ACQUIRED BY IMPORTANT AMERICAN MUSEUMS.



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN"; BY REMBRANDT VAN RIJN (1606-1669), PURCHASED BY THE CITY ART MUSEUM OF ST. LOUIS.

The City Art Museum of St. Louis recently acquired its first Rembrandt. It is a fine portrait of a young man, signed and dated 1662, in the artist's mature style, and was purchased from Mrs. Otto Gutekunst, of London, through the firm of Knoedler and Co., New York, for 130,000 dollars. Early in the eighteenth century the painting was acquired by the Littleton family and remained at Hatherton Hall, Staffs, until it was purchased in 1912 by Mr. Otto Gutekunst. It was shown at the great Dutch Exhibition at Burlington House in 1929, and at the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam, in the Rembrandt exhibition of 1932.

Reproduced by Courtesy of the City Art Museum, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG STUDENT"; BY REMBRANDT VAN RIJN (1606-1669), PURCHASED BY THE CLEVELAND MUSEUM OF ART.

The fine Rembrandt recently purchased by the Cleveland Museum of Art is signed and dated, but the final figures are blurred. It is, however, placed by authorities as having been painted between 1645 and 1657. It was presented to the Metropolitan Opera House in New York last spring by the children of the late Mr. and Mrs. Otto Kahn as a memorial to their parents, to be sold to the highest bidder for the benefit of the Metropolitan, of which Mr. Kahn was for many years President and Chairman. The Cleveland Museum purchased the painting through the gift of the Hanna Fund. Mr. Kahn acquired it in 1910 from the Russian Privy Councillor, M. Paul Delaroff.

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Cleveland Museum of Art, Ohio, U.S.A.

for us of life. Without it we would be merely a pack of silly, irrational, insular two-legged animals, with defective teeth, poor eyesight and shuffling gait, inhabiting towns of almost indescribable ugliness, wearing drab, shoddy clothes and eating food processed and cooked with such carelessness and ignorance of the elementary rules of health as can scarcely have had any parallel even in the annals of human folly and ineptitude. With it, whatever our faults, we are a great people, with a mission and a destiny which, being neither selfish nor sordid, arouse our just pride and enlist our willing devotion and sacrifice. If I could not be an Englishman—by which I mean, regardless of race, an inheritor and participator in the English tradition—I would rather not continue to live. And millions think and feel as I. Nor does such love of one's own nation and the ideal for which it stands preclude a full understanding and respect for the love felt by other men for their own country and tradition. On the contrary, it renders it the easier to understand and admire. Being English-bred, we merely cleave by instinct to our own.





#### USED AGAINST THE UNITED NATIONS AIR FORCES IN KOREA: THE RUSSIAN-DESIGNED MIG-JET FIGHTER.

The Soviet MIG-jet fighters used in the Korean fighting recently are quite a modern type of Russian pursuit aircraft from the design of Mikoyan and Gurevich, and have a speed well in excess of 600 m.p.h. These fighters are of all-metal construction, with a length of approximately 32 ft. and a wing-span of 34 ft. 3 ins. The wings are mid-set and, like the tail-planes, are back-swept. A feature of the design is the mounting of the elevators high on the rudder fin. The fuselage is almost cylindrical and open at both ends—air being admitted at the front through divided air-intake pipes to the Chelomey centrifugal jet motor and the exhaust from the jet pipe passing out at the rear end. The open nose is now considered to be slightly out-of-date, as the latest types of British and American fighters have their intakes at

the wing roots. The armament of these Russian-designed fighters probably consists of four 20-mm. ShVAK cannon of Russo-German design. It is just possible that these Soviet aircraft may carry the larger 30-mm. cannon, similar to the German M.G. 213C. Though it has been stated in some quarters that the Chelomey centrifugal jet motor is an exact copy of the Rolls-Royce "Nene" motors sold to Russia in 1947, it is now agreed that though, of course, there is a certain resemblance, the Soviet engine differs in several ways from the British "Nene." In size the MIGs are slightly smaller than the U.S. *Shooting Star* opposed to them and undoubtedly of a later design than the U.S. aircraft, with their straight right-angle wings. The actual series number, MIG-15, quoted in some reports, is doubtful.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.





THE ALPINE PEAK ON WHICH THE CANADIAN SKYMASTER CRASHED: AN AIR VIEW OF THE GRANDE TÊTE DE L'OBIOU, THE CHIEF PEAK OF THE DÉVOLUY MASSIF IN THE DAUPHINÉ ALPS. THE AIRCRAFT HIT THE NORTH FACE (LEFT OF THE PEAK IN THE FOREGROUND) AT ABOUT 7475 FT.

A CANADIAN *Skymaster* aircraft, flying from Rome to Paris on its way to Montreal, crashed in the Alps south-east of Grenoble on November 13. It was carrying fifty-one passengers, most of them returning from a Holy Year pilgrimage, and a crew of seven. The aircraft hit the north face of Mount Obiou, the 9165-ft.-high peak in the Dauphiné Alps, and the highest point of the Dévoluy massif, only a short distance from the place where an American *Dakota* crashed in 1947. The bulk of the wreckage fell some 1000 ft. down the mountain, causing a landslide. On November 14 a professional guide, Marcel Chalon, who battled alone through heavy mist and snow, reached the wreckage of the crashed *Skymaster* and found that all the occupants were dead and that the wind had scattered the dead pilgrims' belongings far and wide. A search-party from St. Didier found photographs and papers in a wood. On a page torn from a notebook was written: "At 4.45 when the plane took off we told our beads and sang an Ave Maria to implore the clemency of the skies." The eighteen women aboard included several nuns, and there were twelve priests. Most of them had flown to Rome especially for the beatification on November 12 of the Canadian nun, Margaret Bourgeois. All the passengers, except for one from New York, were French-Canadians. The crew of seven included a Canadian stewardess.

(RIGHT.) IN ONE OF THE WILDEST REGIONS OF SOUTHERN FRANCE: PART OF THE WRECKAGE OF THE CRASHED SKYMASTER AMID THE ALPS. ALL THE FIFTY-EIGHT OCCUPANTS OF THE AIRCRAFT WERE KILLED, PROBABLY INSTANTANEOUSLY.



SCENE OF AN AIRCRAFT DISASTER IN WHICH FIFTY-EIGHT PEOPLE DIED: MOUNT OBIOU, IN THE FRENCH ALPS.





**RETURNING FROM A GRIM EXPEDITION: SOME OF THE 250 CLIMBERS WHO MADE THE LONG ASCENT OF MOUNT OBIOU TO BRING DOWN THE BODIES OF VICTIMS OF THE CANADIAN SKYMASTER CRASH ON NOVEMBER 13.**

Two hundred and fifty climbers, composed partly of volunteers, partly of gendarmerie and Alpine troops, set out in the early hours of November 15 for the long ascent of Mount Obiou to bring down the bodies of the men and women who were killed when the Canadian *Skymaster* in which they were travelling crashed on November 13. The remains of fifty-four of the fifty-eight victims of the accident had been brought

down by November 16 to the village of La Croix en Pigne, where they were laid out in the church. At the time of writing, only sixteen of the bodies have been identified, and four more bodies are in inaccessible places on the mountain, where they cannot be recovered until the weather improves. The rescue parties worked in a temperature of 36 degrees below freezing-point.



## THE IRON DUKE THROUGH THE EYES OF A FRIEND.

"The Journal of Mrs. Arbuthnot, 1820-1832": Volume I: February, 1820, to December, 1825.  
Volume II: January, 1826, to January, 1832: Edited by Francis Bamford and the Duke of Wellington.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

IN a Preface which, with regard to sense, feeling and the terse conveyance of information is a model of its kind, the Duke of Wellington says: "The Journal of Mrs. Arbuthnot is in no sense a discovery. Its existence in the Muniment Room at Apsley House has always been known to its owners"; and he proceeds to quote a catalogue of 1906 which has the quaint entry: "10 Diaries (or Journals) bound in morocco with lock clasps recording conversations also principal events, connected with the Government, F.M. the Duke of Wellington, K.G., and other great men, including fashionable ladies commencing 1820-1832." "In no sense a discovery" is doubtless true so far as the "owners" of Apsley House are concerned; as much might have been said about Pepys's

In his long political life, she said, "he has always held the office which was most important at the time," the culmination coming "when he managed the Foreign affairs of the country with a judgement and ability which will hand down his name with honour to posterity, when those of his pitiful revilers will be buried in oblivion." That prophecy has not yet been fulfilled: for one informed person who is aware of Castlereagh's humanity, sagacity and devotion to duty there are probably fifty who are influenced by the wild ignoramus Shelley with his "I met Murder on the way, He had a face like Castlereagh" and Byron's foul witticisms about Castlereagh having regrettably cut his country's throat before he cut his own.

But it was probably not of literary "revilers" that she was chiefly thinking: of Byron and his wickedness there are a few rumours, and, though there are Shelleys in the index, Percy Bysshe is not amongst them. The respectable poets were more in her sphere. Rogers she counted as a friend—she could hardly avoid knowing him—and there are numerous entries relating to Sir Walter Scott. One, dated 1826, shows him facing grim struggle in experienced company: "Sir Walter Scott is in London and I have seen him several times. We dined with a large party at the Duke of Wellington's yesterday to meet him. He is grown thin and full five years older since I last saw him, which was at the Coronation. He has had many misfortunes; he was involved in the bankruptcy last year of his booksellers, Messrs. Constable and Co. and was at last obliged to own himself the author of 'Waverley,' etc., in order to prove his right to the manuscripts. His property at Abbotsford was safe, and luckily he has a head which can always make him rich; but at his age it must be very disheartening to have to begin afresh. He is in good spirits and talks a good deal of his 'Life of Bonaparte' which he is about to publish and for which we understand he is to receive £11,000. He talked to me last night about his novels and told me that the story of the 'Bride of Lammermoor' is quite true and belongs to some ancestors of the House of Hamilton of Bargany. The rejected lover was a Dalrymple and the bridegroom a Duncan." There follows immediately one of those graphic little touches

The Duke of Wellington is almost omnipresent in these pages, but other characters swarm: there was very little gossip which did not reach her and she received countless confidences; but her strong affections, convictions, and even prejudices give a unity of life to a book which in tamer hands might have appeared to later readers as an assemblage of no longer - interesting facts about extinct controversies and

"banquet-halls deserted." Her contemporary Greville is no livelier, in spite of his malice, and certainly had

HARRIET ARBUTHNOT, THE AUTHOR OF THE JOURNAL WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. FROM THE MINIATURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.

Harriet Arbuthnot, so famous in her day as the intimate friend of the Duke of Wellington, was the daughter of the Hon. Henry Fane, M.P. She married Charles Arbuthnot, Joint Secretary of the Treasury and a colleague of the Iron Duke in Lord Liverpool's long administration, as well as his familiar companion in private life. She died of "an attack of the nature of cholera" on August 2, 1834.



A SKETCH IN THE PARK: THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND MRS. ARBUTHNOT. PUBLISHED BY T. MCLEAN, JULY 27, 1834. FROM AN ENGRAVING IN THE POSSESSION OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Diary at Magdalene: that merely wanted deciphering and publication: this has only needed transcription, annotation and publication: to the world at large Mrs. Arbuthnot's diaries are certainly "a discovery" and a delightful and historically important one. One of the best of women-diaries happened to be in the thick of politics and social life during one of the most fascinating of historical epochs, and happened also to be the dearest friend and confidante of the Duke of Wellington, as great a soldier, as wise an observer of human affairs, and as noble a gentleman as England has ever produced.

Mrs. Arbuthnot was the second wife of Charles Arbuthnot who, after being Ambassador at Constantinople, served for years with Wellington in Lord Liverpool's Government. She was twenty-one when she married and forty when she died: she was but twenty-six when she opened her diary with: "It has often been a matter of great regret to me that, in all the years that I have been married and from circumstances have been living so much among the leading men of the day, it had never occurred to me to keep a journal. . . . I have now determined to conquer my natural laziness and make it a rule from this time forth to write down all that occurs to me, or that I hear of in public affairs that is interesting to me. I begin with the reign of George the 4th, the 1st of February, 1820." She had been keeping her journal but barely a year when Lord Londonderry (Castlereagh) talked to her about it, "and was very curious to see it, which I wd not let him do. He said he was afraid of a person who kept a journal and said that, if I put into it everything I heard, it must be a most important document. He was very anxious to know if it treated of politics or only where I dined"—which suggests that, socially, she may have contrived partly to conceal her passionate preoccupation with politics. Five months after that conversation there was to be a very long entry about that overburdened man: "Aug 29th.—Some weeks have passed since I last opened my journal, but I have been unable to write in it. I have been stunned by the dreadful blow that has filled the country with grief and astonishment and has robbed me of the dearest and best friend I had on earth. Lord Londonderry has died by his own hand . . . a friend I loved more than a brother." The diarist gives a full account of the last breakdown, the delusions, and the suicide, and sets down her tributes to the public and the private man. "In private life," she says, "it is not possible to conceive anything more amiable, his tastes were simple, he was passionately fond of music, fond of flowers, of his farm, full of kindness for his servants and of charity for the poor, adored by his whole family."



ELIZABETH DENISON, MARCHIONESS CONYNGHAM. FROM THE PORTRAIT BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A., IN THE POSSESSION OF THE COUNTESS OF LONDENBOROUGH.

Reproductions from the book by Courtesy of the Publishers, Macmillan and Co. Ltd.

which abound in these volumes and which are not always complimentary: "Mr. Bankes, who dined also at the Duke's, provoked us excessively by engrossing as much as possible all the conversation, and talking so loud as quite to drown Sir Walter's conversation. I never saw such bad taste in my life, I almost thought he was drunk."



"YOUNG COPENHAGEN," GIVEN TO MRS. ARBUTHNOT BY THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. FROM THE DRAWING BY JAMES WARD, R.A., IN THE POSSESSION OF MRS. PLEVINS.

no better access to the inner councils of the nation. She had her bugbears: Canning she detested as "a rascal," and she was liable to regard any assemblage of Whigs as a nest of rogues. She could not bear duplicity and disliked libertines, but, with her keen, honest eyes she could see merits in some of whom she disapproved, just as she was not blind to what she thought the mistakes of those (like the Duke) for whom she had the greatest affection and admiration. George IV., about whom there is an immense amount in her pages, comes out, as usual, as an incredible mixture of folly, sottishness, impulsiveness, taste and sense. The last evidence of sense he gave was his appointment of the Duke as his executor. The Duke thought little of some of the relics: "The Duke told us he had been examining the King's papers, that there was nothing but love-letters, chiefly from Lt Conyngham, some foul copies of his own to Lt Conyngham descriptive of the most furious passion, trinkets of all sorts, quantities of women's gloves, dirty snuffy pocket-handkerchiefs with old faded nosegays tied up in them; in short, such a collection of trash he had never seen before. He said he thought the best thing wd be to burn them all."

When cholera carried Mrs. Arbuthnot off in her prime her elderly husband wrote to the Duke about her universal interests and her profound religious devotion, and concluded: "Were I now resigning my Soul into the hands of my Creator, I shd declare, when I dared not tell a falsehood, that if She had a fault, nay a speck or blemish, I knew it not." The Duke doubtless agreed: "In January 1835 Arbuthnot came up to Apsley House and shortly afterwards gave up Woodford to his son. For the remaining fifteen years of his life the two ageing men lived together united, without a tinge of jealousy, in their memories of the same woman." The Duchess had died shortly before Mrs. Arbuthnot.

Not long before Mrs. Arbuthnot died another note-taker began recording the Duke's talk. This was Lord Stanhope. He and the diarist seem to have overlapped in the same houses, but oddly neither mentions the other. It is an older and more reminiscent Wellington who is to be found in the "Conversations," a very charming book, which contains a lifelike and winning portrait. Both books should be in every historical library.

It may be added that those who have too easily formed their impressions of the social life of the period from books about George IV. and Byron, will learn from this diarist that licence was not universal or decorum unknown even in the most fashionable circles. The Conynghams were by no means approved of, but it isn't easy to cut one's King.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 880 of this issue.

\* "The Journal of Mrs. Arbuthnot, 1820-1832." Edited by Francis Bamford and the Duke of Wellington. Illustrated. (Macmillan; 2 Vols.; £3 3s.)





**A WONDER UNIQUE EVEN IN TIBET: THE HUGE *TANKAS*, OR EMBROIDERED CEREMONIAL SCROLLS, OF THE GYANTSE MONASTERY HANGING FROM THE MONASTERY WALLS, DURING THE FEW HOURS OF THEIR ONE ANNUAL APPEARANCE.**

On the route from Sikkim to Tibet, Gyantse is the first Tibetan city on the way to Lhasa, and it is the seat of a famous monastery and oracle. During a visit there—during which he was privileged to consult the oracle—Brigadier M. R. Roberts, D.S.O., was able to take this extraordinary photograph. *Tankas*, or *thankas*, embroidered ceremonial scrolls, are a normal feature of Tibetan decoration, but they are usually of a size suitable for hanging on the walls of a room. The monastery of Gyantse, however, possesses two (formerly three) immense *tankas*, whose size can be gauged from the human figures in the foreground of the photograph. The whereabouts of

the third *tanka* is no longer known, but the two shown, which are unique in Tibet, are hung for a few hours during one day each spring from the walls of the monastery. The larger *tanka* shows the Lord Buddha, surrounded by allegorical figures. At the time of writing, the Chinese invasion of Tibet was progressing slowly, probably owing to the difficulty of the country; and on November 17 the fifteen-year-old Dalai Lama was invested with full powers, a fact which, it is believed, will strengthen the morale of Tibetan resistance to the Communists. The fourteenth Dalai Lama is said to be a remarkable young man, with some command of English.



## PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**INSTALLED AS GOVERNOR OF EDINBURGH CASTLE: SIR GORDON MACMILLAN, ACCOMPANIED BY LADY MACMILLAN, FOLLOWING THE LORD LYON, ENTERING THE CASTLE.**  
Lieut.-General Sir Gordon H. A. MacMillan, General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Scottish Command, was installed as Governor of Edinburgh Castle on November 13. According to available records, he is the eighty-third Governor, the office having been held continuously since 1107 except during the years 1860 to 1936.



**TAKING HIS USUAL EARLY-MORNING WALK: PRESIDENT TRUMAN, FLANKED BY SECRET SERVICE MEN, ON THE DAY AFTER THE ATTEMPT ON HIS LIFE.**

On November 2, the day after two Puerto Rican Nationalists attempted to shoot their way into Blair House to assassinate Mr. Truman, the President continued his routine work and allowed no changes to be made in his engagements. But when he left Blair House at 7 a.m. for his usual walk, Secret Service men accompanied him on foot and in escorting cars.



**AT THE END OF HER FAREWELL PARTY: MISS SHARMAN DOUGLAS SAYING GOOD-BYE TO PRINCESS MARGARET.**  
Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret attended a party on Nov. 14 given by Miss Sharmar Douglas, daughter of the retiring United States Ambassador, at the Ambassador's residence in Princes Gate, London. There was dancing until the early hours of the morning. Princess Margaret wore a gown of deep midnight-blue velvet.



**INSPECTING BRITISH RAYON AT THE DANISH DESIGN EXHIBITION: QUEEN INGRID OF DENMARK.**  
Queen Ingrid of Denmark arrived in England on November 12 for a private visit of four or five days. During her stay she opened the Danish Design Exhibition at the Rayon Design Centre, Upper Grosvenor Street, London, where Danish hand-weaving exhibits, pottery and furniture were on view.



**DR. THOMAS WOOD.**  
Died on November 19, aged fifty-eight. A composer, author and well-known musician, he was chairman of the Arts Council music panel and a member of its executive committee. He recently completed a work commissioned for the Festival of Britain.



**LT.-COL. CARLOS CHALBAUD.**  
Shot dead on November 13. President of the Military Junta ruling Venezuela, he was one of the Army officers who seized power by a bloodless coup d'état in 1948. Rafael Urbina, leader of the assassin group, was afterwards shot dead.



**AT SWINDON, ON THE FOOTPLATE OF THE ENGINE BEARING HER NAME: H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH.**  
On November 17 Princess Elizabeth visited Swindon, which is celebrating its jubilee as a borough, and opened a Garden of Remembrance and new playing-fields. Before leaving the Princess boarded the footplate of an engine bearing her name and drove it from the sheds to the platform. She also went round the railway works.



**IN THE NEW ARMISTICE RAILWAY CARRIAGE: GENERAL KOENIG (LEFT) AND GENERAL WEYGAND.**  
On November 11 a new armistice railway carriage was officially inaugurated at Rethondes, near Compiègne, where the armistice of November 11, 1918, was signed. The new carriage is a copy of the old one, which was taken away by the Germans and subsequently destroyed in an air raid on Berlin.



**BEFORE THEIR FIGHT FOR THE BRITISH HEAVY-WEIGHT TITLE: JACK GARDNER, WHO DEFEATED BRUCE WOODCOCK (RIGHT).**  
Bruce Woodcock lost his British heavy-weight title at Earls Court, London on November 14 when he retired at the end of the eleventh round of his bout with Jack Gardner, of Market Harborough. Woodcock retired when his left eye closed completely. Bruce Woodcock, of Doncaster, the champion since 1945, has decided to retire from the ring.



**SWORN IN AS MAYOR OF NEW YORK CITY: MR. VINCENT R. IMPELLITTERI (RIGHT).**  
Sicilian-born Acting Mayor Vincent R. Impellitteri was recently elected Mayor of New York City; he is the first independent Mayor to be elected in the history of its five boroughs. He had a majority of almost 250,000 votes. Our photograph shows him being sworn in; his wife can be seen (left).



# NEWS IN PICTURES: A CAMERA RECORD OF EVENTS AT HOME AND IN FRANCE.



ON VIEW AT THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM: THE CHAMPIONSHIP MODEL OF THE TEA CLIPPER *THERMOPYLAE*. The model of the tea clipper *Thermopylae*, which won the championship cup in the 1950 Model Engineer Exhibition, has been acquired by the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, where it is on view to the public. It is an  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. to 1 ft.-scale model, built with meticulous attention to detail in some 5000 hours by Mr. I. W. Marsh, of Barry, Glamorgan.



THE VETERAN CAR-RUN FROM LONDON TO BRIGHTON: COMPETITORS DRIVING THROUGH WADDON.

This year's veteran car-run from London to Brighton, on November 19, established two records. There was a record entry and a record number of people lined the roads to see the 148 cars, none of which were younger than forty-six years. Our photograph shows C. F. Burton driving his 1896 Benz, followed by Dr. W. A. Taylor driving a 1904 Peugeot.



INSPECTING THE W.R.A.F. CENTRAL BAND: THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER HAVING A WORD WITH THE BIG DRUMMER. On November 16 the Duchess of Gloucester, Air Chief Commandant, Women's Royal Air Force, paid a visit to the headquarters of Technical Training Command at Brampton, Northamptonshire, and then went on to the Royal Air Force Station at Wyton. She inspected W.R.A.F. personnel and British and American bomber crews.



OFFICIALLY INAUGURATED ON ARMISTICE DAY: THE NEW ARMISTICE RAILWAY CARRIAGE AT RETHONDES, NEAR COMPIÈGNE, WHICH IS A COPY OF THE ORIGINAL CARRIAGE WHICH WAS TAKEN AWAY BY THE GERMANS. A PHOTOGRAPH OF GENERAL KOENIG AND GENERAL WEYGAND AT THE CEREMONY ON NOVEMBER 11 APPEARS ON PAGE 858.



INSERTED IN THE CAPSTONE AT THE TOP OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL SPIRE: A COPPER CYLINDER. On November 15 a small group of men watched a copper cylinder being inserted in the capstone at the top of Salisbury Cathedral spire. The cylinder contains a foil of engraved copper bearing a complete record of the recent restoration work to the spire.



BACK IN WATERLOO ROAD: THE OLD VIC COMPANY IN A PRODUCTION OF "TWELFTH NIGHT," WHICH MARKED THEIR RETURN TO THE RESTORED THEATRE. On November 14 the curtain went up once again in the Old Vic, the historic theatre in Waterloo Road, Lambeth, which was made world famous by the inspired work of Lilian Baylis, who was manager for thirty-nine years until her death in 1937. Closed in 1940, the building was badly damaged by enemy action. Now restored, it is again the home of the Old Vic Company, which marked its return with "Twelfth Night." The King and Queen are to attend a performance of "Twelfth Night" at the Old Vic on December 6.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. TOURING GREECE AT TOP SPEED.—I.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

WITH five other representatives of the British Press I was recently invited to pay a visit to Greece. The invitation was issued jointly by the Hellenic Airline, "Hellas," in celebration of its recent acquisition of a Skymaster aircraft, and by the Greek Government. We took off at 9.23 a.m., touched at the Paris airport of Orly and at Rome, and sat down to dinner at 10 p.m.—an hour, by the way, which we found to be not unusually late for Athens. No hosts could have been kinder or more considerate. Their hospitality was delightfully unaffected and spontaneous. Whenever I wanted to depart from the programme I was given a free hand, and no trouble was spared to make difficult and sometimes complex rearrangements by telephone all over the country. May I dare to say that there was just one thing these hosts did not give me as lavishly as all else: time to sleep? I felt myself lucky, as well as virtuous and strong-minded, when I got to bed by half-past one, more than once with the sobering reflection that I had to get up at five to catch an aircraft. However, the air of Greece in the early morning is a tonic in itself, and the bustle was brought about by the desire to show as much as possible. Looking back, I decide that I would not have exchanged any of it for more time abed.

I had other hosts as friendly as the Government and "Hellas." First I must put the Greek Press, particularly in Athens and in Macedonia. In my own case, the Greek Army was extraordinarily grateful for such small services as my pen had been able to render it from time to time during and since the Second World War. In it I found some old acquaintances. I had a long private interview with the Commander-in-Chief, Field Marshal Papagos, in which he spoke to me of past and present problems with complete frankness, and afterwards had the pleasure of giving a small dinner-party for him. At Salonika I met one of his Corps Commanders, General Grigoropoulos, whom I remembered as Military Attaché in London. I will say nothing about the Army or the military situation now, but hope to deal with that aspect of Greece next week. I must not omit the help and hospitality of my own countrymen, from Sir Clifford Norton, our Ambassador, downward. Among them also I met old friends, and in Major Gorman, of the British Police Mission, and his wife, friends of over thirty years' standing.

The programme included interviews with the Prime Minister, M. Venizelos, and the two Deputy Prime Ministers, MM. Tsaldaris and Pappandrou. M. Rodopoulos, Minister of Press and Information, must, I fear, have grown tired of the sight of my face. The Minister of Economic Co-ordination, M. Stephanopoulos, spoke mainly of the progress and difficulties of reconstruction. I also met a remarkable man, still young, holding an appointment unknown to us, M. Constantine Doxiades. He is Minister Resident, Co-ordinator of the Greek Recovery Programme. He belongs to no political party, and holds his office as a permanency, despite changes of Government; but cannot be described as a senior Civil Servant because he is possessed of ministerial rank and power. The Governors-General of Macedonia and of the Dodecanese contributed to my understanding of present-day Greece. Foes of the régime may say that I saw everything through official eyes. Perhaps so, but nothing was hidden. Just as I was leaving, a letter was brought to me from a very prominent Communist, under suspended death sentence, who wished to see me. There was no time for that, but if I had gone to the gaol I could have talked to him.

My first excursion was to Rhodes, some two hours' flying in a military Dakota. (The value of the aircraft to the traveller in a hurry in Greece is illustrated by the fact that the steamer takes eighteen hours from Piræus.) There was all too little time to see this wonderful island. Its authorities have hopes of attracting large numbers of tourists to see its antiquities and its beauties, and invalids to drink its celebrated waters. The chief difficulty in their path, as I see it, is the great distance and cost of travel from Western Europe and still more from the United States, a consideration which applies only a degree less to the Greek mainland. Continental Greece also desires an influx of tourists now that the country enjoys complete peace, and a large sum of money has been earmarked for the improvement of hotel accommodation. To be frank, outside Athens there is serious need of this, though many of the country restaurants and taverns provide excellent and attractive food.

Later on I made a triangular air journey: Athens to Salonika, where I stayed the night; Salonika to Yannina; and late in the evening Yannina back to Athens. This

was certainly the most tiring feature of the trip, but at the same time one of the most interesting. Flying over the Pindus brings home to the observer very forcibly the difficulties of campaigning in this country. These are far greater in a guerrilla war than in one of more orthodox type. In the latter case the belligerent with the initiative can to some extent neglect the great mountain masses, turning and blocking such positions as are held in them, and seizing key positions on the main roads. Against bandits or guerrillas he cannot proclaim victory till he has painfully combed the slopes of every towering and forbidding mountain. It is a far harder task to direct and to wage in Greece a war leading to the destruction of a guerrilla force and the complete liberation of the country from its activities than to bring a regular army to rout.



WHERE 50 PER CENT. OF THE REFUGEES MAY HAVE TO PASS THE WINTER IN HUTS OR TENTS: A VIEW OF YANNINA, SHOWING THE CASTLE ON THE LAKE, A SHALLOW SHEET OF WATER 5½ MILES BY 2 MILES WIDE. In the article on this page Captain Cyril Falls describes a recent visit to Greece and says that housing has made fair progress, though many thousands of families are still living in huts or tents on the outskirts of towns and villages to which they fled during the campaign against the Communist guerrillas or to which they have returned only to find their homes have been destroyed. At Yannina he was told that 50 per cent. of the refugees would have to spend the winter in huts or tents.



REBUILDING GREECE AFTER THE RAVAGES OF WORLD WAR II. AND THE SUBSEQUENT CAMPAIGN AGAINST COMMUNIST FORCES WHO LAID WASTE THE COUNTRYSIDE: A RECONSTRUCTED DRY-DOCK AT PIRÆUS HARBOUR—PORT WORKS ARE UNDER CONSTRUCTION ALL ALONG THE COAST FINANCED BY E.R.P. FUNDS.

It may appear that I had little time to devote to classic Greece amid my investigations of the present, but I did pay a visit to the Archaeological Museum in Athens under the deeply instructed guidance of its Director, and to various famous sites of antiquity, including Sunium, on the mainland and on Rhodes.

Apart from defence, the two great problems of Greece to-day are those of economics and rehabilitation, which are closely allied. Difficulty is found in disposing of her main exports to the best advantage. Britain, for example, is a fierce bargainer over the purchase of currants, so that the Greeks have to subsidise the trade. The tobacco market is not as good as it was, though there is hope of reviving the once heavy exports to Germany. The Americans become, in their own words, "frustrated" about the results of Marshall Aid—though vast work has been carried out with the resources furnished—and the relative luxury enjoyed by the wealthy in Athens and Salonika. The

recent Note about a reduction of Marshall Aid, published as it was delivered, was intended as a shock to the country as well as to the Government. It was more effective from this point of view than was perhaps expected. Indeed, for a moment there seemed to be a danger that it would bring down the strongest Government since the war. Wages are still chaotic. On the one hand, the Athens stonemason,

backed by a powerful union, can earn the equivalent of about £11 a week, and the merchant seaman considerably more than the British; on the other, there is a large proportion of the population living on about £40 a year per family. Army officers find it hard to live on their pay, and junior officials and civilian clerks much harder.

In the course of the "bandit war" many hundreds of thousands dwelling in regions controlled by the Communists or particularly subject to their incursions fled to safer places, especially Athens and its neighbourhood. In many cases their villages were destroyed. We have all heard of the tragedy of the deported children. Beside that enormity it may seem a small thing that the livestock was also removed, but this

has either delayed the return of the peasants to their native places or subjected them to hardship when they have gone back. Livestock is still very short in Macedonia and Epirus. Even seed, which would seem much easier to provide, is inadequate. In consequence, some of the returned refugees are for the time being without employment. Often they would prefer to stay in their place of refuge, but unless they have steady employment there they are gently pushed home. As regards housing, the worst shortage is timber, and though there are districts in which it is plentiful, it is not easily moved. Housing has made very fair progress, but many thousands of families are still living in rough huts, or in some cases tents, either on the outskirts of the towns and villages to which they fled, or on the sites of the homes to which they have returned. At Yannina I found such a camp divided in two, one half sheltering refugees, the other occupied by troops.

Estimates of progress in the near future varied. At Salonika I was told that there was a hope of putting everyone under "some sort of roof" before the winter cold began. At Yannina my informant spoke of 50 per cent., meaning that half would have

to go through the winter in huts or tents. Timber cargoes on their way to Piræus and other ports have been diverted to Salonika, the centre of a district where the shortage is most serious. It must be said that the Greek stonemason works fast, far faster than our bricklayer, and that houses once started are quickly completed. The Army has done fine work by the use of its transport for building material. Generally, too, it has shown great kindness to the refugees. The improvement may be, as some critics say, slower than it should be, but it is going on steadily, and by next summer rural life in the distressed areas ought to reach a far higher standard than that of to-day. Looking farther ahead, however, there loom up arduous and complex tasks in the field of unemployment in a country with a very high birthrate set in a world in which emigration has become seriously restricted.

Though so much of the country is bare rock, modernisation of agriculture is possible and would largely increase production. But if this were achieved without extension of industrial production the result would be catastrophic unemployment. Even increasing the wheat acreage at the expense of other crops would entail a good deal. Tobacco provides family employment and is thus invaluable on the tiny frontier plots.

M. Stephanopoulos estimated that its return in work and wages was five-and-a-half times as great as that of wheat, and that of currants three times. Only 60 per cent. of the agricultural labour is strictly necessary, but it cannot be reduced without a parallel growth of industry. This can be created, but it needs capital. Lignite is available. It might be used for the production of steel from native ore, gas, fertilisers, and other valuable commodities, most of which now have to be paid for in hard currency. American advisers favour agricultural expansion and may be more optimistic about it than the Greeks themselves; but M. Stephanopoulos stated that they accepted his views on industrialisation. This is a problem which would need deep study and before which I fear that I am a child. I can only repeat what I am told, without attempting to form a judgment. I am more at home with the subjects which I hope to tackle next—defence and international affairs.



## NEWS FROM THREE CONTINENTS: RECENT EVENTS IN PHOTOGRAPHS.



A BIRTHDAY DINNER TO A VETERAN AERONAUTICAL JOURNALIST: MR. C. G. GREY WITH (L.) MR. C. F. COOK AND (R.) THE HOST, MR. R. E. DANGERFIELD. Mr. C. G. Grey, who reported the world's first Aero Show in 1908, founded *The Aeroplane* in 1911, and edited it till 1939, still contributes regularly to a newspaper syndicate. His seventy-fifth birthday dinner, given by Mr. Dangerfield, of Temple Press, was attended by the present editor of *The Aeroplane* and the Chief Executive B.E.A.C. A presentation was made to Mr. Grey.



NEPALESE ROYALTY REACH DELHI: THE TWO QUEENS OF NEPAL AND SOME NEPALESE PRINCESSES BEING GREETED BY MR. NEHRU (LEFT) AND HIS DAUGHTER.



GREEK TROOPS FOR KOREA: THE BATTALION OF VOLUNTEERS BEING INSPECTED BY KING PAUL OF THE HELLENES (SALUTING) DURING THE PARADE IN ATHENS.

On November 16 a battalion of Greek troops set sail from Athens to join the United Nations Forces fighting in Korea. At a passing-out parade these troops, who are described as "rugged volunteers, experienced in guerilla fighting" against the Communists in Greece, were inspected by King Paul. At this inspection the King presented a national banner to their commander. As can be seen in the photograph, the Greek troops wear equipment of both British and U.S. origin.



A U.S. CRUISER'S BRIDGE AS A NAVAL WAR MEMORIAL: (RIGHT, FOREGROUND) THE FORMER BRIDGE OF THE U.S.S. *SAN FRANCISCO* NOW STANDING AT THE ENTRANCE OF SAN FRANCISCO HARBOUR. The bridge of the U.S. cruiser *San Francisco*, which was badly battered by Japanese shells at Guadalcanal, has been converted into a memorial of the 100 men who fell in the battle and erected at Land's End, San Francisco. It looks out upon the Pacific, and, as can be seen in our photograph, is not far from the famous Golden Gate Bridge. The photograph was taken from a U.S. Navy helicopter.



THE KING OF NEPAL IN EXILE (RIGHT) WITH HIS ELDER GRANDSON (WHOSE YOUNGER BROTHER HAS BEEN PROCLAIMED KING), SEATED WITH MR. NEHRU (LEFT) AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL AT DELHI BY AIR FROM KATMANDU.

On November 11, five days after he had sought sanctuary in the Indian Embassy at Katmandu, the deposed King of Nepal, Maharajadhiraja Tribhuvana Bir Bikram Shah, reached New Delhi by air with members of his family. He was received with the honours due to the head of a sovereign State, and was met by Mr. Nehru, the Prime Minister, and other ministers, and the three heads of the Indian Armed Forces. The Nepalese Royal party has been lodged in Hyderabad House, the former Palace in Delhi of the Nizam of Hyderabad.



BRITISH TANKS IN BERLIN—THE FIRST IN THE CITY SINCE 1946: TWELVE COMETS OF THE 3RD HUSSARS MOVING THROUGH WEST BERLIN ON NOVEMBER 17.

On November 17, *Comet* tanks of the 3rd Hussars, painted with their badge, the White Horse of Hanover, entered Berlin to relieve the armoured cars of the Royal Horse Guards. They are the first British tanks in Berlin since 1946, and mark the strengthening of the Allied garrison in the city.



ASPECTS OF THE WAR IN NORTH KOREA: ENEMY  
INSTALLATIONS, AND ALLIED WINTER CLOTHING.



(ABOVE.) ONE OF FOUR  
POWER PLANTS IN THE  
CHOSIN RESERVOIR AREA:  
A VIEW FROM THE HILLS  
ALONG WHICH U.S.  
MARINES ADVANCED  
TOWARDS KOTORI.

ON this page we illustrate an interesting method employed by the North Koreans in transporting food supplies over a distance of 25 miles near Pungsan. An electrically-operated conveyer system fitted with cradles to carry sacks of foodstuffs ran from east of Pungsan to the first reservoir west of the town. Our photograph shows two American soldiers examining the device. The onset of cold weather in Korea found the British 27th Brigade unprepared and, pending the arrival of stocks of British winter kit, a certain amount of warm clothing was obtained from U.S. sources. Here we show winter kit issued to British and American troops.



FOR BRITISH TROOPS IN KOREA: FELT-LINED FINNISH-  
STYLE BOOTS, PUTTEES AND WIND-PROOF TROUSERS.



# COMMONWEALTH CASUALTIES IN KOREA, COMMANDERS, AND SCENES OF BATTLE.



(ABOVE.)  
THE AUSTRALIAN CONTRIBUTION TO THE U.N. FIGHT AGAINST AGGRESSION: WOUNDED WAITING FOR TRANSPORT ON THE ROADSIDE NEAR ANJU, IN NORTH KOREA.

THE Commonwealth contribution to the United Nations' fight against aggression in Korea is being paid in the lives and health of men—a grim background to the second World Peace Conference in Warsaw convened by those on whom the responsibility rests for the strife in the Far East. But to the hazards of war in Korea have now been added the misery of torrential rain and bitter cold to which the men of the British 27th Brigade have been exposed owing to the unfulfilled expectation that they would be withdrawn before the cold weather set in. It was reported that 25 per cent. of the Australian battalion were suffering from ailments resulting from, or worsened by, the

[Continued below, centre.]



UNDER HEAVY ENEMY FIRE OUTSIDE CHONGJU: AN AUSTRALIAN JEEP CONVOY HELD UP DURING A ROAD-BLOCK BATTLE WHICH LASTED 2½ HOURS.



THE BRITISH CONTRIBUTION TO THE U.N. ACTION IN KOREA: A WOUNDED ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDER BEING ASSISTED TO AN AMBULANCE DURING THE ADVANCE TO ANJU.



A SIMPLE BURIAL SERVICE AMID THE KOREAN HILLS: THE FUNERAL OF LIEUT.-COLONEL C. H. GREEN, THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF AN AUSTRALIAN BATTALION.

Continued.] weather. The newly-arrived British 29th Brigade is equipped for winter campaigning, and steps have been taken to fly warmer clothing to our troops in the front line. Public feeling in the matter has found expression in a number of questions put to Mr. Strachey, Secretary for War, in the House of Commons.

(RIGHT.)  
AT A COMMANDERS' CONFERENCE IN KOREA: (FROM L. TO R.) MAJOR W. F. BROWNE, OF MELBOURNE; BRIGADIER B. A. COAD, COMMANDING THE BRITISH 27TH BRIGADE; AND LIEUT.-COLONEL S. WALSH, COMMANDING THE AUSTRALIAN BATTALION









## DISTURBANCES IN PUERTO RICO.



ILLUSTRATING THE VIOLENCE OF THE SHORT REVOLT IN PUERTO RICO: TWO NATIONAL GUARDS FIRING AT SNIPERS IN BATTERED JAYUYA.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONALIST PARTY IN PUERTO RICO: DR. PEDRO ALBIZU CAMPOS, WHO WAS TAKEN INTO CUSTODY DURING THE RECENT DISTURBANCES.

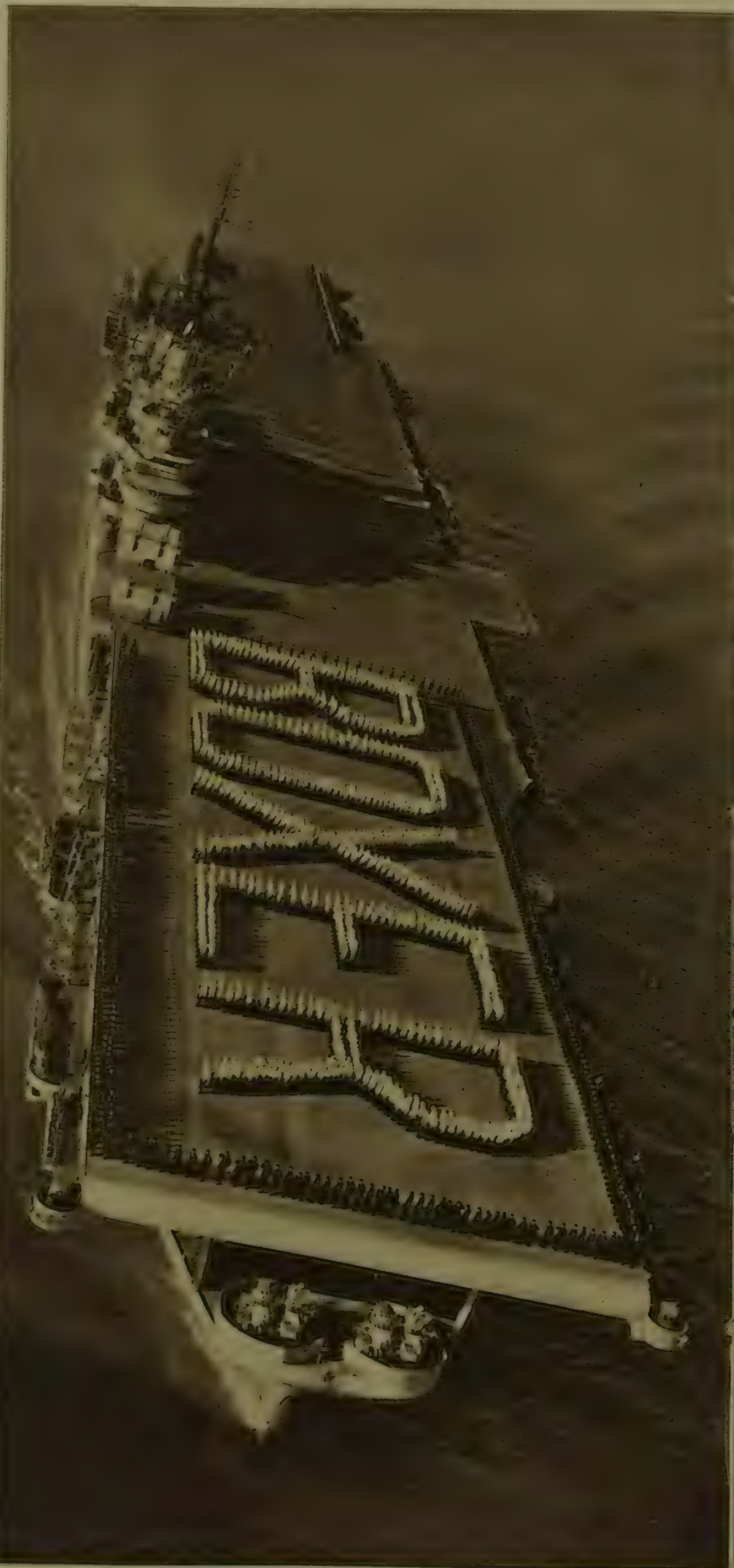


UNDER QUESTIONING AS TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF HER HUSBAND BY PUERTO NATIONAL GUARDS: THE WIFE OF A NATIONALIST LEADER IN JAYUYA.

The recent abortive anti-American revolt in Puerto Rico, a United States dependency in the West Indies (ceded to her by Spain in 1898), which broke out on October 30, was violent in the extreme, and resulted in considerable loss of life, both among the revolutionaries, the police and the National Guard. Many arrests were made, and the number of Nationalists and Communists rounded up amounted to over 600, some 300 being taken in the area of San Juan, and about 285 in the mountain town of Jayuya. Although by November 7 it was announced that the President of the Communist Party, Dr. Pedro Albizu Campos, who had been taken into custody, had been released, a large number of Nationalists were still held. The attempt on the life of President Truman on November 1 (illustrated in our issue of November 11) was made by gunmen identified as being Puerto Rican revolutionaries.

## "BOXER'S" CREW SPELL HER NAME.

*Boxer* (33,000 tons) was one of the first United States Fleet Aircraft Carriers to reach Korean waters, and she has played an important part in numerous successful operations of the campaign, in which air power has proved so decisive a factor. She recently returned to the United States and, as she entered San Francisco harbour, men of her crew formed up on her flight deck in the letters of her name. *Boxer* is one of the *Essex* class of U.S.A. fleet aircraft carriers, and was laid down in September, 1943, and completed in April, 1945. The *Essex* class have a complement of 2900, and carry 82 aircraft, but 107 have been carried by means of close stowage. The first eleven of the *Essex* class were ordered in 1940, and the inclusive cost was officially estimated to average 68,932,000 dollars, but later carriers of the class cost considerably more.



SAILING INTO SAN FRANCISCO HARBOUR, WITH MEN OF HER CREW FORMED UP ON HER FLIGHT DECK IN THE LETTERS OF HER NAME: THE U.S. FLEET AIRCRAFT CARRIER *BOXER* HOME FROM KOREA.





FIG. 1. NEWLY DISCOVERED AND PART OF THE GROUP OF SHRINES ON WHICH THE WINGED VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE ONCE LOOKED DOWN: A 6-FT.-LONG MARBLE FRIEZE OF DANCING MAIDENS AND A CITHARA PLAYER. IT BELONGED TO A PROPYLEA BUILDING LEADING INTO A SACRIFICIAL PRECINCT AND DATES FROM ABOUT 320 B.C., THOUGH IT IMITATES AND REVIVES THE FORMS OF EARLY GREEK ART.

THE azure waters of the Northern Aegean Sea are dominated by four great mountains sacred in the memory of man: Mount Olympus, where the gods of Homer assembled, lies to the west in Greece; Mount Ida, seat of the Great Mother of Asia, to the east near Troy and the Dardanelles; Mount Athos, abode of Byzantine monks; and Samothrace, island home of mysterious "Great" and unnamed Gods of pagan antiquity, mark the road from one to the other. On this savage island Greek civilisation created a flourishing city enclosed by imposing fortifications—still surrounding the rugged slopes of the now uninhabited site—and developed near by in a hilly valley one of the most important sanctuaries of antiquity, to which people from all the lands of the Mediterranean world came to worship for many centuries until the fall of the Roman Empire. The cult—mentioned in many ancient literary sources—was a mystery cult: individuals were initiated in various degrees in rites to be kept secret, and therefore never described; sacramental actions and dramatic performances were included in these rites; initiation was preceded by a kind of confession of sins; hope for well-being in this world and the hereafter was implied in the acquisition of secret knowledge and communion with the gods.

At the end of antiquity the cult was abandoned, the sanctuary fell into ruin. In the Dark Ages the nearby town was deserted and only the memory of a great past survived in books. Such was still the state of Samothrace, a primitive island then under Turkish sovereignty and rarely visited in the course of many centuries, save by a few scholars, when, in 1863, a French visitor, the consul Champoiseau, was told by natives that they had "found a woman." He was led up to a hillside overlooking the overgrown ruins of the once-famous pagan sanctuary and shown the broken fragments of a colossal marble figure which he assembled—the famous Victory of Samothrace now in the Louvre in Paris, one of the greatest masterpieces of sculpture of all time. In later years, Champoiseau returned twice to secure more fragments, including parts of the prow of the warship and the base on which it was posed.

The discovery of the Victory excited the scholarly world. Expeditions were sent out to Samothrace from various quarters in the latter part of the nineteenth and the first third of the twentieth centuries. Among these expeditions the most important was an Austrian enterprise of the 'seventies. A number of late Greek buildings dating from the centuries after Alexander the Great were excavated by them. Some evidence for the cult was obtained. But most of its character and the early history of the sanctuary remained obscure. No further masterpieces of ancient art turned up. And the famous Victory in the Louvre not only remained fragmentary—without arms, hands or head—but her date, too, was debated and variously placed over long ages from the fourth to the first centuries B.C. Her setting was only vaguely known.

In 1938 the Archaeological Research Fund of New York University, under the auspices of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, started an exhaustive and systematic excavation in the central part of the once-famous sanctuary. These excavations, now financed by the Bollingen Foundation, were resumed in 1948 after an interruption caused by the war and, as they progress, reveal a spectacular archaeological site.

In previous years we have uncovered a venerable if simple hall, dating from about 500 B.C., that served for the first degree of initiation and a small sacristy where records were kept. Beneath a large rotunda (Fig. 8), dedicated by Queen Arsinoë of Egypt in the early third century B.C. (the biggest building of the type known in Greece) and used for sacrificial purposes, we discovered sacrificial precincts far earlier in date—indeed, of the seventh century B.C. Curious "sacred rocks" and the discovery of a prehistoric terrace, including such a rock, revealed the remote origin of

## THE SANCTUARY WHICH MET THE PROUD GAZE OF THE LOUVRE WINGED VICTORY:

EXCAVATIONS ON SAMOTHRACE WHICH HAVE REVEALED THE VICTORY'S RIGHT HAND, A SISTER STATUE AND THROWN MUCH LIGHT ON THE MYSTERIES OF THE GREAT GODS.

By KARL LEHMANN, Director of the Archaeological Research Fund, New York University.

the famous cult in pre-Greek worship of a great "Mother of the Rocks" akin to Kybele of Asia. We also excavated a curious and hitherto only partly known building, again of the third and second centuries B.C. (Figs. 8 and 9). It had a Doric temple-like façade (of which so much is preserved that, if means allow, it can be re-erected) and an interior installation for liturgical rites witnessed by spectators



FIG. 2. THE FINDING OF THE RIGHT HAND OF THE WINGED VICTORY. THE ACTUAL FINDER IS HOLDING IT UP IN HIS HAND AND THE DISCOVERY WAS MADE IN THE ANCIENT WATER CHANNEL UNDER THE ROCK VISIBLE IN THE CENTRE FOREGROUND. ON THE EXTREME RIGHT IS THE GREEK FOREMAN OF THE EXCAVATIONS.



FIG. 3. BOTH THESE CUPS WERE USED IN THE EARLY SACRIFICIAL RITES ON SAMOTHRACE (EARLY SEVENTH CENTURY B.C.). THAT ON THE LEFT IS OF PRIMITIVE LOCAL WORKMANSHIP, MADE WITHOUT THE POTTER'S WHEEL. THAT ON THE RIGHT IS OF FINE WORKMANSHIP, OF MAINLAND GREEK ORIGIN, BUT OF A HITHERTO UNKNOWN FABRIC. AND THE TWO TOGETHER THROW LIGHT ON THE BLENDING OF GREEK AND INDIGENOUS WORSHIP AT THE SAMOTHRACE SHRINE.

from lateral aisles and culminated in an apse at its rear end.

To the decoration of this building belonged a handsome sister of the famous Victory in the Louvre, and one which once faced her from the top of the roof of this "temple" (Fig. 4). We found her a year ago near the corner of the building where she had been

carefully buried in antiquity after having been damaged. Slightly younger than her powerful sister and datable around the middle of the second century B.C., the figure is a welcome addition to our small inheritance of masterpieces preserved from that age.

In July of this year we fully explored the site where the famous Victory in the Louvre had once stood, and M. Jean

Charbonneaux, curator of classical antiquities in the Louvre, joined us in this enterprise. We did not expect to find—after so much previous searching—any further piece of the statue itself. We wanted to excavate the statue's setting in order to be able to reconstruct the appearance of the figure within it. And we wanted to settle the debated date of the statue by the modern method of observing datable fragments of pottery found around the foundation of the monument.

Both problems have now been solved. The date of the Victory in the Louvre is established in the decades around the year 200 B.C. Her setting turned out to be most surprising. We cannot yet show the reader a graphic reconstruction, a work needing long study and one on which our architects, Messrs. Stuart M. Shaw, of the Metropolitan Museum in New York, and Alec Daykin, of Sheffield University, England, are engaged. It can already be said, however, that the figure sailed forth obliquely on her ship behind and above a basin filled with water and framed partly by marble steps, partly by big natural boulders: a "baroque" concept anticipating by many centuries the imaginative fountains of Rome in the seventeenth century.

The figure was turned towards the not-distant sea, as though she were sailing forth from a sheltered harbour, and from her height overlooked the magnificent marble buildings of the great sanctuary in the valley beneath.

Luck had it that we found the major part of the right hand of the figure (Figs. 2, 6, 7) where it had slipped into a still-open water channel of the fountain basin in front of the statue when the monument collapsed in an earthquake, probably in the sixth century A.D. This powerfully modelled hand reveals the same baroque spirit as the dynamic figure and its imaginative setting. The discovery of the hand and the upper end of one of the fingers at once showed that earlier restorations giving the figure a trumpet or a

heavy crown were wrong. Because of some abrasions (evidently due to unfinished work), we first assumed that the Nike still might have held some light attribute, such as a golden fillet, between thumb and index finger.

But another surprise awaited us. After the excavation campaign, two of my collaborators and I visited Vienna to study finds made in the Austrian excavations of the 'seventies. Unexpectedly we discovered various marble fragments which we thought might belong to the Victory in the Louvre. It now turns out that these fragments—though found seventy-five years ago—do include the thumb and the main part of the ring-finger of the hand excavated by us last July, and that they exactly fit on to the breaks at those points. The thumb is bent backward and the hand was empty and open—thrown forward and upward by the divine leader of a victorious navy, with a gesture symbolising her leadership.

The last campaign of our excavations has not only given us new and interesting evidence for the history of the sanctuary and the character of its mysterious religion; it has also added other earlier works of art than the two Victories illustrated here.

To a graceful propylaea building of Ionic order that led into an unroofed sacrificial precinct in the centre of the sanctuary belongs a handsome block about 6 ft. long of a marble frieze with a chorus of dancing maidens and a cithara player (Fig. 1). Other fragments of the same frieze had been known previously, and one badly battered piece is in the Louvre. But the charm of another masterpiece of Greek sculpture emerges from the well-preserved new frieze. It dates from about the time of Alexander the Great (between

(Continued overleaf.)



## A HAND FOR THE WINGED VICTORY; A SISTER STATUE; AND OTHER DISCOVERIES.



FIG. 4. A NEWLY-FOUND SISTER FOR THE WINGED VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE (FIG. 5) AND WHICH FACED HER FROM THE ROOF OF THE DORIC SHRINE (FIG. 9).



FIG. 5. THE WINGED VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE. HER RIGHT HAND HAS BEEN DISCOVERED (FIGS. 6 AND 7) AND LIGHT THROWN ON HER ORIGINAL SETTING.



FIG. 6. THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED RIGHT HAND OF THE WINGED VICTORY, FROM THE BACK OF THE THUMB. THERE IS NO DOUBT OF ITS AUTHENTICITY. SEE FIG. 7. *Continued from page 867.*† 330 and 310 B.C.) and is the oldest major Greek work in the so-called archaic manner, in which the abstract patterns and delicate elaboration of an art 200 years earlier are here revived with rhythmical grace. Under the precinct into the entrance of which the dancers flanking the door once led the worshipper, another surprise lay in store for us this summer. A sacrificial deposit containing



FIG. 7. A PALM VIEW OF THE HAND. STUDY OF THUMB AND FINGER FRAGMENTS REVEALS THAT THE HAND WAS THROWN UP IN AN OPEN GESTURE.

masses of animal bones was densely filled with broken pottery from vessels first used in the rites and then broken up and buried. We have already been able to restore from the fragments a quantity of vases (Fig. 3). They are the earliest so far found in Samothrace of Greek manufacture, and may belong to the first generation of Greek settlers. Most of them are large, thin and finely made

*[Continued opposite.]*



## SANCTUARIES AND SEASCAPE WHICH MET THE WINGED VICTORY'S GAZE.



FIG. 8. WHAT LAY BENEATH THE EYES OF THE WINGED VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE, WHEN THIS FAMOUS STATUE STILL STOOD ON ITS MOUNTAINSIDE SETTING: (FROM THE LEFT) THE BLUE ÆGEAN, THE ROTUNDA OF QUEEN ARSINOË, AND THE DORIC FAÇADE OF THE SANCTUARY OF THE GREAT GODS (THE CABEIRI).



FIG. 9. THE SANCTUARY OF THE GREAT GODS ON SAMOTHRACE, WITH THE 5000-FT. PEAK RISING BEHIND THE REMAINS OF THE DORIC TEMPLE—REMAINS ADEQUATE FOR A COMPLETE RECONSTRUCTION. THE GREAT WINGED VICTORY ORIGINALLY STOOD IN A SPECIAL SETTING ON THE HILLSIDE AT THE RIGHT EDGE OF THE PICTURE.

*Continued.*

bowls and two-handed drinking-cups of a hitherto unknown Greek fabric of the first half of the seventh century B.C. Their style is distinguished by a consciously reticent and refined use of but few ornaments. Contemporary products of the indigenous non-Greek population contrast strangely with them: primitive, clumsy

pots made without the potter's wheel. This contrast graphically reveals the immense refinement and superiority of Greek civilisation, whose bearers here mingled with barbarian tribes to create out of the mixtures of primitive ideas and their own innate genius a great religion and its artistic manifestations.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

## GROWING DAHLIAS AS ANNUALS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.



BEFORE discussing dahlias I must own up to a frightful howler, and a not-so-frightful solecism. In writing recently about *Morisia hypogæa*, I said that the plant's correct name is *Monanthos hypogæa*, whereas I should have said that it is *Morisia monanthos*. This happened through the careless reading of a pencilled note. The solecism was in connection with sweet corn, or corn-on-the-cob, about which I wrote some months ago. I suggested that in eating this delicious vegetable, those who were

of leafage, which suggested dank, livid elder, evil-smelling when handled, and clammy to the touch. To gather a flower with any useful length of stem meant gathering and cutting away about a bushel of foliage, and the flowers themselves hung their heads on spineless necks with an air of conscious meekness which was belied by their blowzy vulgarity. So buried among leafage were the flowers that they made little show in the garden, and the chief colour in the dahlia bed was the inverted flower-pots.

Early dislikes die hard. Thanks to our gardener's taste in dahlias, I disliked the race—or thought I did—

until quite recently, in spite of the enormous improvements that have been made in them in recent years. Less leaf, more flowers on stiffer stems, new colours, forms and sizes, and sturdier carriage and habit. Blazes of dahlia colour in cottage gardens gave me occasional pleasure in passing, but I had no desire to grow them. And the way dahlia specialists almost invariably exhibit their flowers at shows—terrific, but not gardening—set me against, rather than in

pleased me most. A large proportion of the plants ran to beetroot-stained stems and leaves, inherited, no doubt, from alliances with the good Bishop, and all were of sturdy, wiry and upstanding habit, averaging from 3 to 4 ft. or a trifle over. The range of colours was astonishing. Deep crimson and purple to scarlet, rose and white, gold, primrose, orange, warm, rosy apricot and tawny port, some self-coloured, and some with a darker stain at the base of the petals. The flower stems were a joy, long and wiry for cutting, with a maximum of blossom and a minimum of leafage.

I sowed my gift-seed the following spring, about mid-April, in a pan of light soil in a cold frame. It germinated like mad. By the end of May the youngsters were 4 to 5 ins. high and ready to plant out in the open border. There they grew rapidly, and during the whole of the latter half of the summer they flowered magnificently until they were cut down by the first real frost of autumn. Truly, plant-breeders have worked wonders with dahlias during the past forty or fifty years. The difference between the rank, leafy atrocities that I knew as a boy and these decorative varieties is almost unbelievable. Not only do they make a brilliant show in the borders, but one can cut them for the house, and cut lavishly and all the time, without appreciably spoiling the outdoor display. My plan now with this particular strain of dahlias—which I have christened the "Carnival" strain—is to mark just three or four seedlings each year, those varieties which seem to me to have outstanding qualities, and retain their tubers to store in the cellar for growing again next year, and destroy or give away all the rest. At the same time I save seed from a selected few to produce the main display next year. I had never realised before how easy it is to grow dahlias as annuals. It is as easy as raising and growing antirrhinums. In fact, it's easier, for there is no need to prick the seedlings out into boxes. They can be planted out direct from their seed-pan. The advantage of raising a fresh batch of seedlings each year and only retaining tubers of the very cream of each year's raising to grow again, is that it leads to progress and improvement in the direction that pleases one most. At the same time an annual crop of seedlings provides a thrilling and enchanting gamble,



DAHLIAS AS ANNUALS IN AN ASTONISHING RANGE OF COLOUR—"DEEP CRIMSON AND PURPLE TO SCARLET, ROSE AND WHITE, GOLD, PRIMROSE, ORANGE, WARM ROSY APRICOT AND TAWNY PORT, SOME SELF-COLOURED AND SOME WITH A DARKER STAIN AT THE BASE OF THE PETALS": A BED OF DAHLIAS, GROWN FROM SEED IN THE MANNER DESCRIBED IN THIS ARTICLE, ADORNING A RAISED BED IN A COTSWOLD GARDEN.

unable to gnaw the grain from the cob in the authentic, savage manner, should slice off the grain with a sharp knife, butter, pepper and salt it, and eat it with a spoon. A correspondent has written to tell me that in "polite society" one does not eat corn-off-the-cob with a spoon. I was reminded of those charming lines about the solecisms of Hengist and Horsa:

Hengist was coarser than Horsa,  
And Horsa was coarse—on your life,  
For Horsa drank tea from his saucer,  
But Hengist ate peas off his knife.

In future I shall know exactly how to behave. If ever I should have the misfortune to find myself eating sweet corn in "polite society" I shall carry the dish into the next room, and there eat it with a spoon, in good company with Hengist.

One other thing about corn-on-the-cob. The usual practice in England is to boil the cobs for twenty minutes, and this I recommended in my article. It brought a chorus of protest and advice from good friends and correspondents in America, telling me that eight or ten minutes is ample. And so it is: I tried it this summer. It seems reasonable. There is only a depth of about a quarter of an inch of tender grain to be cooked. One does not eat the hard, woody central cob, any more than one eats the white, ivory-hand handle of the conventional monster, bought asparagus, so why try to cook it to a softness that it could never reach.

When I was a small boy I disliked everything about dahlias except the inverted flower-pots, with a wisp of hay inside to trap earwigs, which our gardener placed on the stakes to which he tied up the dahlia plants. They made the perfect target for my catapult, just as fat, well-hearted cabbages made the perfect target for my bow and arrow. The crisp "plonk!" was irresistible. The gardener was puzzled, but never discovered what was the strange pest which bored neat round holes straight through his cabbages—in one side and out the other—as straight as an arrow.

I liked, and always have liked, the little honeycomb pompon dahlias, but our gardener was an autocrat, and insisted on growing the large-flowered types, which in those days made rank, 4- to 5-ft. bushes

favour of, them. But about four years ago I capitulated, suddenly, and completely, to one type of dahlia at any rate.

A near neighbour, a real gardener, with a large and very real garden, grows dahlias by the hundred, massing them in her mixed borders, and massing them, mixed and in endless variety, elsewhere. They are as brilliant and magnificent growing as they are invaluable and beautiful for cutting. Mostly they belong to a race or type known, I believe, as either "Star" or "Charm" or both. From time to time my friend buys a new variety or two, so that there are a few named sorts in her collection, such as the famous "Bishop of Llandaff," with its dark, beetroot-coloured leaves and stems; but mostly there are unnamed seedlings, home-raised and rigidly rogued and selected. There are a few semi-doubles, but the majority are singles. Three years ago my friend invited me to help myself to seed-heads from any of the dahlias in her collection that took my fancy. It gave me a fascinating hour or two of careful looting, taking a head here and a head there, from the colours and the types that



A CLOSE-UP OF SOME OF THE DAHLIAS, GROWN ANNUALLY FROM SEED, WHICH FIRED MR. ELLIOTT TO EMULATION: "ALL OF STURDY, WIRY AND UPSTANDING HABIT, AVERAGING FROM 3 TO 4 FT. OR A TRIFLE OVER... WITH A MAXIMUM OF BLOSSOM AND A MINIMUM OF LEAFAGE."

Photographs by J. R. Jameson.

a gamble in which the stake is negligible, a matter of mere pence, and in which every result is a winner, and any result may turn out a smashing spellbinder.

I would add that quite a number of the more enterprising seedsmen list dahlia seeds of various types. One can start with a packet, or one could buy a small selection of plants of named varieties, singles, "Star," "Charm" or what have you, either from catalogue descriptions or, better still, at sight, and from such a beginning build up a strain on the lines that I have described.





**AN INVASION THAT DARKENED THE SKY AND FILLED THE AIR WITH A SHRILL CHORUS AND THE BEAT OF INNUMERABLE WINGS: A MURMURATION OF STARLINGS AT WORMEGAY, NEAR KING'S LYNN, NORFOLK.**

From the end of September until the first week in November swarms of starlings arrive in Britain from northern and north-central Europe. When these migratory flocks of hundreds of thousands of starlings reach this country they make landfall before dispersing to their various destinations. Recently a murmuration of starlings flying in from the sea settled just before dawn at Bridlington, where some of them caused trouble by going down chimneys. On November 11 a cloud of starlings

descended upon Wormegay, near King's Lynn, Norfolk, and the photographs on this page give some idea of the size of this invasion from the Continent. During the last fifty years the world starling population has been increasing at a perplexing speed, but on balance these birds can be regarded as beneficial. The worst feature about them is the fouling of ground at their roosting-places, and, as they now roost in our cities, as well as the countryside, efforts are being made to reduce them.



# CRYSTAL PALACE AND VICTORIA REGIA: THE ORIGIN OF PAXTON'S DESIGN.

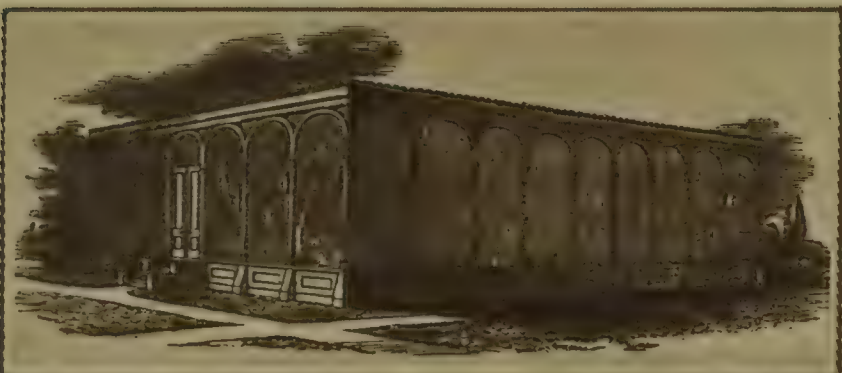


FIG. 1. THE STRUCTURE IN WHICH PAXTON TRIED OUT THE PRINCIPLES WHICH HE ELABORATED IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE: THE VICTORIA REGIA GLASSHOUSE AT CHATSWORTH.

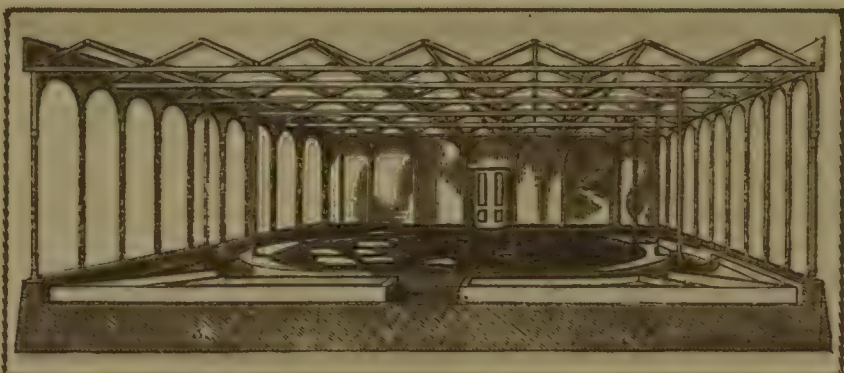


FIG. 2. THE INTERIOR OF THE CHATSWORTH VICTORIA REGIA HOUSE, SHOWING THE USE OF PAXTON'S INVENTION, FLAT RIDGE-AND-FURROW GLASS ROOFING. SEE ALSO FIG. 5.



FIG. 3. THE LILY LEAF ON WHICH PAXTON "FLOATED TO FAME" AND FROM WHICH HE DERIVED SOME OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE STRUCTURAL PRINCIPLES: THE UNDERSIDE OF A VICTORIA REGIA LEAF, 6 FT. 2 INS. IN DIAMETER, PHOTOGRAPHED AT KEW IN JULY, 1949.

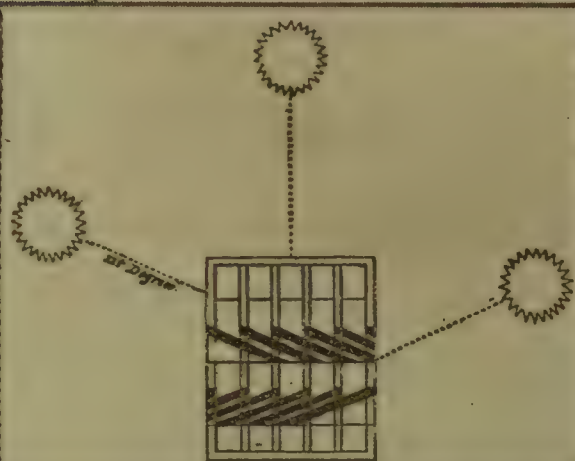


FIG. 4. PAXTON'S DIAGRAM OF THE OLD AND OBSTRUCTIVE METHOD OF GLAZING, WHICH HE SUPERSEDED WITH . . .

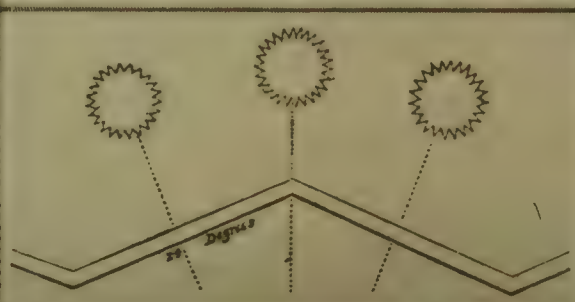


FIG. 5. THE RIDGE-AND-FURROW GLASS ROOF, SECURING THE MAXIMUM BENEFIT OF THE SUN'S RAYS.

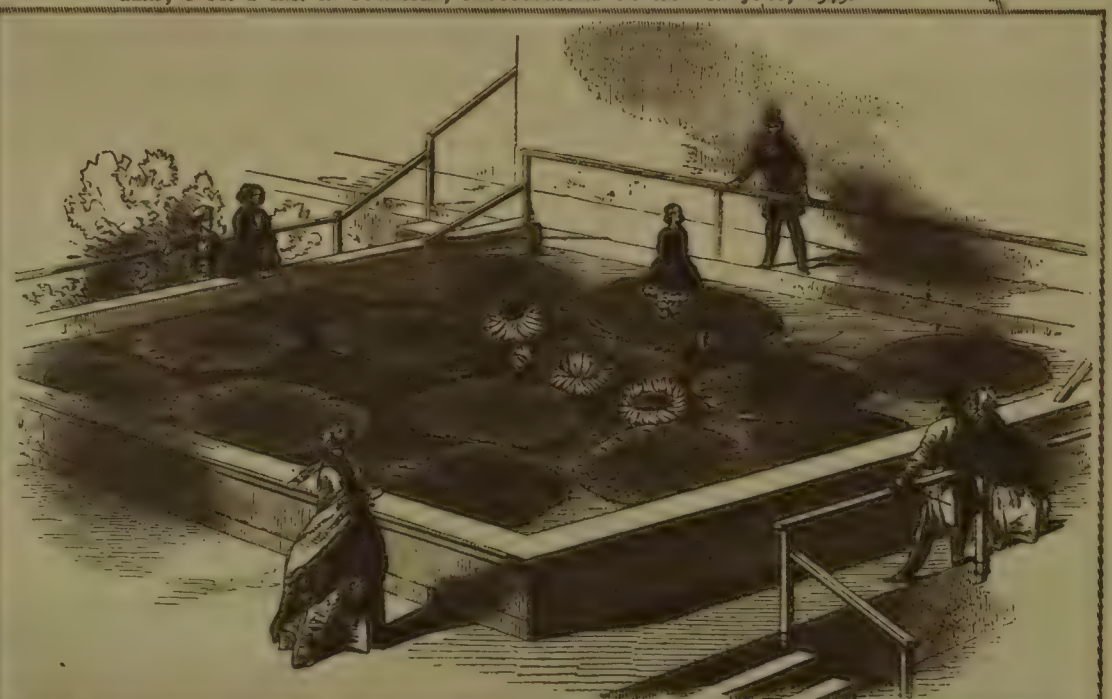


FIG. 6. "THE GIGANTIC WATER-LILY (VICTORIA REGIA) IN FLOWER AT CHATSWORTH," IN 1849: "AN EXPERIMENT . . . WAS TRIED . . . BY PLACING A YOUNG LADY UPON ONE [OF THE LEAVES], WHO WAS BORNE UP FOR SOME TIME IN PERFECT SAFETY."

On November 13, 1850, Joseph Paxton lectured to the Society of Arts on his designs for the Great Industrial Building in course of erection in Hyde Park (later known as the Crystal Palace) and elaborated on his principles of building in glass, wood and iron. This lecture we reproduced in full in our issue of November 16 of that year. On November 15, 1950, his granddaughter, Miss Violet Markham, gave a centenary lecture to the (now) Royal Society of Arts on Paxton's designs and principles and mentioned, among other interesting matters, the various links between her grandfather and the Giant Water-lily, *Victoria regia*.

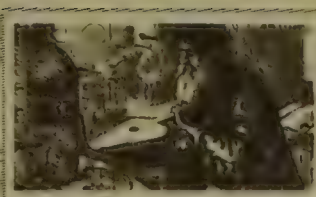
This plant, named in honour of the Queen, was first introduced into England in 1846, and a plant was sent to Chatsworth in 1849. Here Paxton had created a special glasshouse and tank for it; and from this design and from the extraordinary architectural formation of the veins on the underside of the leaf he elaborated the principles of building in glass, which enabled him to complete in ten days the revolutionary design of the Crystal Palace. The dimensions of the leaf, photographed at Kew last year (Fig. 3), are: diameter 6 ft. 2 ins.; turn-up of edge of leaf, 3 to 4 ins.; depth of veins, at centre 6½ ins.; at edge of leaf, 1 in.

Figs. 1, 2, 4, 5 are reproduced from our issue of November 16, 1850; Fig. 6 from that of November 17, 1849; and Fig. 3 is a copyright photograph by S. W. Rawlings, Royal Gardens, Kew.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### NEAR-MIRACLES IN ANIMAL BEHAVIOUR.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THERE are a number of animals which either split into two or break up in unequal pieces, each of which in time becomes a complete new individual. It is called reproduction by fission or fragmentation. This is little short of a miracle; and if a miracle be defined as an event for which there is no reasonable explanation, then reproduction by these methods comes as near to the miraculous as anything can, for we have no means of explaining it. Even more extraordinary is the fact that in many species it appears from exhaustive observation to be the only method of reproduction, the animals being sexless in every meaning of the word. There are other cases where the fragmentation takes a more orderly form and is known as budding. Here close investigation has revealed something of what takes place, though it still leaves much unanswered.

The sea-orange is a sponge, spherical and yellow, bright orange or red in colour. There are some half-dozen species growing in fair numbers throughout the tropical and temperate waters of the globe, even up into the Arctic Ocean. There is, therefore, no lack of material for observation, and many hundreds have been examined by zoologists; but in one species only, the rarest of them, has anything suggesting the normal sexual reproduction been found. In the rest, budding is frequent, and apparently the only method of multiplication.

The sea-orange is one of the thousands of species of sponges known that has no commercial value. Instead of the fine, silky network of fibres that forms the skeleton of the bath-sponge, its skeleton consists of a multitude of minute needles of silica, a millimetre or less in length, packed into strands that radiate in all directions from the centre of the body and end at the surface.

The tissues of such a sponge are comparatively simple, and are composed at most of some half-dozen types of cells, including certain irregular cells, charged with granules, known as amoebocytes. When buds are about to be formed, several things happen. To begin with, the amoebocytes, hitherto scattered more or less haphazardly through the body, begin to collect in groups, and these groups migrate outwards along the radiating strands of the skeleton towards the surface. At the same time, the outer ends of these strands elongate, carrying the outer skin of the sponge with them, forming as it were minute tents of skin over the surface, the end of each strand acting in the manner of a tent-pole. As the migrating groups of amoebocytes reach the bases of the tents, growth in those areas quickens, small stalked knobs are formed and, outwardly, the sponge has the appearance of a pin-cushion with pins rammed well home into it. A resting stage follows, which may last for some weeks. Then the stalk of each pin-like bud grows enormously in length, and in the head of the pin the siliceous needles are arranged in the radiate manner of the skeleton of the parent body. In time, the stalk of the bud becomes extremely slender and finally the star-shaped body at its end drops off, floats away and settles down

to grow into a fresh sea-orange. It is remarkable enough that cells scattered throughout the body should move about until they meet up with others of their kind. It is no less remarkable that when a sufficient number of them is gathered together the group should by common



A SPHERICAL SPONGE, YELLOW, BRIGHT ORANGE OR RED IN COLOUR, USED BY DR. CHARLES H. EDMONDSON IN HIS EXPERIMENTS DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE: THE SEA-ORANGE (*Tethya deformis*).

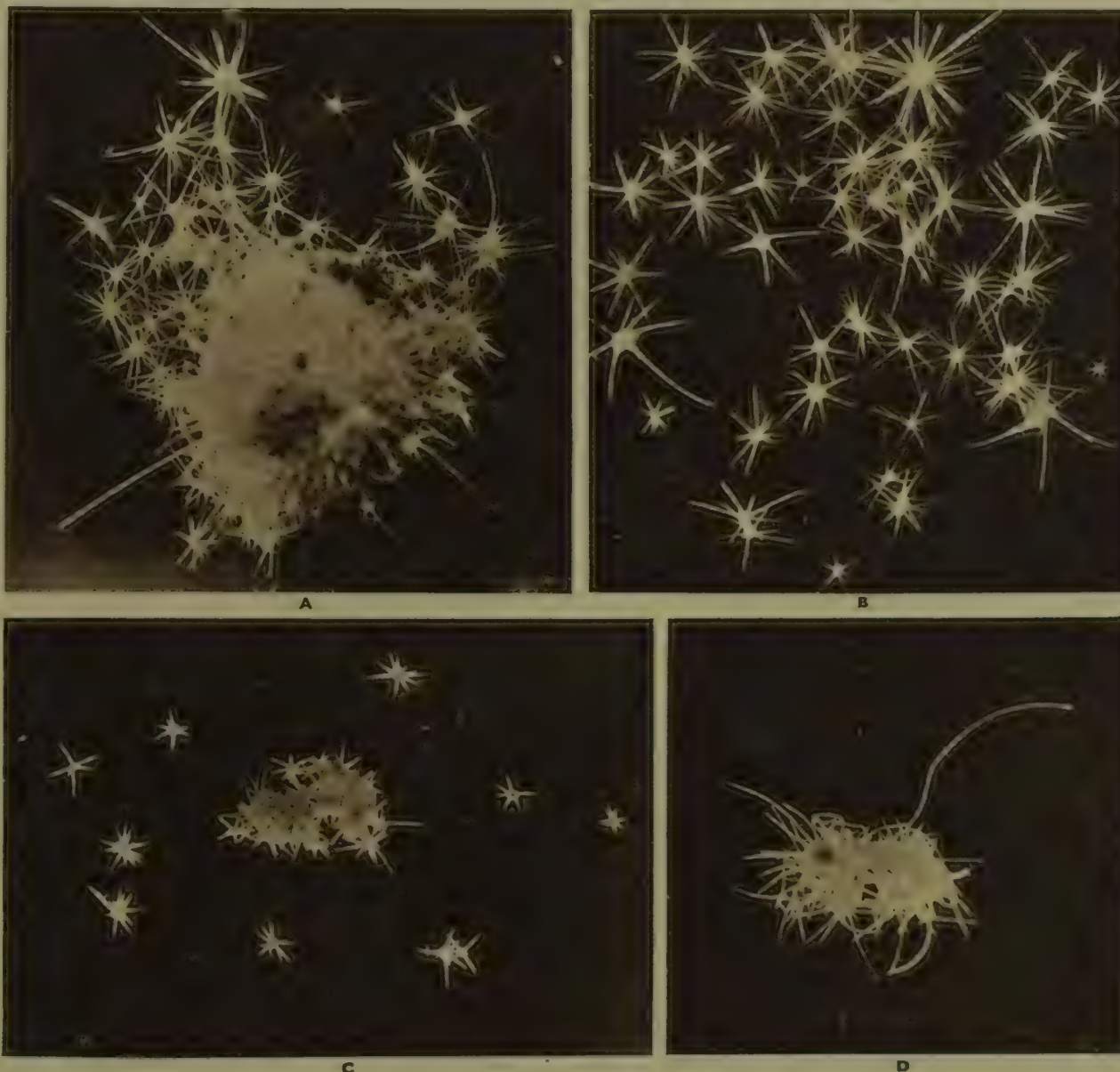
In the article on this page Dr. Maurice Burton describes some experiments carried out by Dr. C. H. Edmondson at the Bernice P. Bishop Museum at Honolulu. He used the sea-orange (*Tethya deformis*), another species of which (*Tethya aurantium*) is found round our own coasts. It is local in its distribution, but where present it is usually in fair numbers, growing on rocks exposed at low spring tides. The two species are essentially similar in appearance and behaviour.

consent migrate towards the surface. It is, however, even more remarkable that, simultaneously with the start of this migration, certain other cells should start to carry the ends of the radiating bundles outwards beyond the normal level of the surface, and that the cells of the outer skin should co-operate in this action. All the cells we are talking about are no more than a hundredth of a millimetre across, and the sponge has no nerves whatever to control or co-ordinate their actions. Moreover, the distance of the groups of the cells from the surface at the moment their migrations start, may be 20 mm. or so. The co-ordination between the amoebocytes and the surfaces takes place over a distance, equivalent in human terms of two groups of men who have never met and are two miles apart starting to organise a job in perfect co-ordination. We might use the customary cliché and say that the whole movement is due to hormone action. This may be true, and by comparison with known phenomenon elsewhere in the animal kingdom, we are justified in making the assumption. But it advances our knowledge little.

This does not, however, end this extraordinary sequence of events. A few years ago, Dr. Charles H. Edmondson, experimenting with the sea-orange in Hawaii, found that if he kept fifty or so of the star-shaped buds evenly spread out in a dish of sea-water, in eight days the buds had migrated together to form a clump which presumably would have developed into a single sponge. I say presumably, because from the known behaviour of other sponges this, again, may reasonably be assumed. We are faced, therefore, with two most remarkable things here. The first is the migration of the buds towards each other. There is no adequate explanation why they should do this. The second is that a single bud will grow into a sea-orange; so will fifty; but the sea-orange growing from the amalgamation of fifty buds will not be fifty times the size of a sponge growing from a single bud. Indeed, from what we know in other sponges, it is doubtful if there will be any difference in size.

The process of regulation, in which ova or embryos, or even parts of growing organisms, split in two, will readjust their internal equilibrium and develop into normal individuals, is well known. That is how identical twins, among other things, are produced. Equally, the fusion of buds or parts of organisms, at least among the lower animals, involves the same sort of regulation to produce one normal individual. The process of regulation is certainly one of the deeper mysteries of life.

The story of the sea-orange may be concluded with a personal reminiscence. It is well known that a piece of sponge can be squeezed through fine silk, so that its cells become separated, and that the cells will in time come together to form a new sponge. I tried this experiment with a piece of a sea-orange. The results were disappointing, so after a few days I pushed the glass dish of sea-water containing the cells to one side on the laboratory bench and proceeded with other experiments. At the end of a fortnight, in clearing up the bench, I came across the forgotten dish. The cells had formed a star-shaped mass, exactly like a normal bud.



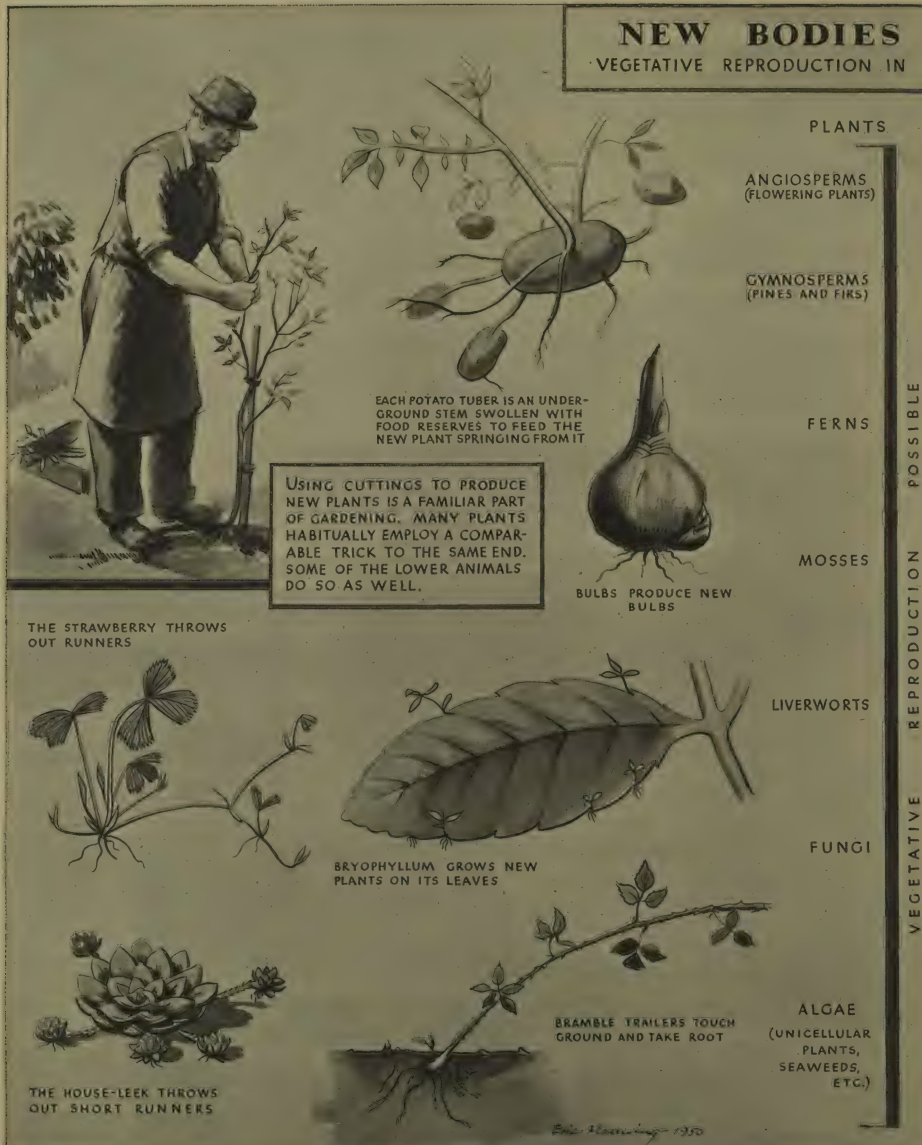
SHOWING HOW THE STAR-SHAPED BUDS OF THE SEA-ORANGE, WHEN EVENLY SPREAD OUT IN A DISH OF SEA-WATER, WILL MIGRATE TOGETHER TO FORM A CLUMP WHICH PRESUMABLY WOULD DEVELOP INTO A SINGLE SPONGE.

Our photographs show: (A) the sea-orange actively throwing out its star-shaped buds; (B) a group of buds after being released from the sponge, laid out in a glass dish of sea-water; (C) the same after three days. All but a few have become concentrated into a clump; (D) the same, eight days later.

Photographs reproduced by Courtesy of Dr. C. H. Edmondson.



## NEW BODIES VEGETATIVE REPRODUCTION IN



## FROM OLD PLANTS AND THE LOWER ANIMALS

### ANIMALS

#### MAMMALS

#### BIRDS

#### REPTILES

#### AMPHIBIA

#### FISHES

#### SPIDERS

#### INSECTS

#### CRUSTACEA

#### MOLLUSCA

#### WORMS

#### ECHINODERMS (STARFISH ETC)

#### COELENTERATES (SEA ANEMONES ETC)

#### SPONGES

#### PROTOZOA

GREEN HYDRA OF THE PONDS WITH  
A YOUNG HYDRA GROWING OUT OF IT

GREATLY  
ENLARGED

SEA-ANEMONE LEAVING BITS OF  
ITSELF BEHIND, TO GROW INTO  
YOUNG ANEMONES

SEA-ANEMONE SPLITTING  
INTO TWO LENGTHWISE

SEA-ANEMONE  
GROWING A  
SECOND RING  
OF TENTACLES  
BEFORE SPLIT-  
TING ACROSS

SOME BRITTLE-STAR  
MERELY SPLIT INTO TWO

SOME STARFISH THROW OFF  
BITS OF ARMS. THESE GROW  
INTO NEW STARFISH, AND NEW  
ARMS GROW OUT WHERE THE OLD ARMS WERE THROWN OFF

THE SEA-ORANGE (A SPONGE)  
WITH ITS SKIN GROWING  
OUT INTO BUDS

THE WHITE PURSE SPONGE OF OUR COASTS  
BREAKS UP TO PRODUCE NEW INDIVIDUALS

A CRUMB-OF-BREAD SPONGE  
IS BROKEN BY WAVE-ACTION. THE PIECES  
(ONE ON RIGHT) GROW INTO NEW SPONGES

AMOEBA MULTIPLIES BY THE SIMPLE  
PROCESS OF SPLITTING INTO TWO

### THE "NEAR-MIRACLE" OF VEGETATIVE REPRODUCTION: SOME PLANTS AND ANIMALS WHICH "TAKE

A lizard may throw its tail and grow a new one, the old tail dying. Certain starfish may throw off their arms and grow new ones, but the arms thrown off grow into new starfish. The difference between these two events is striking, yet they are not fundamentally different. Thus regeneration and reproduction are seen to be comparable phenomena. Similarly, a rose twig pushed into the ground and growing may be said to regenerate its lost parts, the roots and the stem; yet equally it is producing a new plant individual. Non-sexual reproduction such as this is met with at all levels of the plant kingdom, though it

is most commonly seen in the lower, more primitive plants. It is also found in the animal kingdom, but is confined to the lower animals and seldom seen at a higher level than the insects. In the still lower animals, multiplication by fragmentation is, however, common, and there are not a few animals that are capable of, and habitually do, to use a homely phrase, take cuttings of themselves. It is normally assumed that reproduction in plants and animals is effected by the union of dissimilar gametes. In animals we speak of the fertilisation of an ovum (the female gamete) by the sperm (the male gamete).

Specially drawn for "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY E.

### CUTTINGS OF THEMSELVES" TO FORM NEW INDIVIDUALS COMPLETELY LIKE THE PARENT BODY.

In plants, a strictly comparable process takes place in the pollination of the ovule. The sum of these processes is spoken of as sexual reproduction. There are, however, these other ways in which new individuals are created, and they are at least as commonly at work, a fact not always appreciated even by scientists. For example, a well-known biologist has described sex, in one of his books, as "that all but universal process." Yet the fact remains that more individuals, plant and animal, are produced by non-sexual methods than by the sexual, and more species of plants and animals employ non-sexual reproduction

in addition to, or instead of, sexual reproduction. It is usual to differentiate between a sexual reproduction, where the ovum, without being fertilised, develops a new individual and vegetative reproduction, where a part of a pre-existing plant or animal becomes detached to form a new individual completely like the parent body. The two forms of reproduction merge one into the other so that the comprehensive term, non-sexual, is to be preferred. Further aspects of this "near-miracle," vegetative reproduction, are discussed by Dr. Burton and illustrated on page 673 in this issue.

MANNING, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE BURTON.



# The World of the Theatre.

## NEWS FROM ABROAD.

By J. C. TREWIN.

At present the theatre is arguing about the French dramatist, Jean Anouilh. Although, a few years ago, I found my first experience of an Anouilh play thoroughly disheartening, I have come since to recognise the man's theatrical variety and power. We have to underscore the word "theatrical." There is much in Anouilh, especially in his *pièces noires*, that, treated by another writer, would be

to reclaim her. He looks at her face before daybreak; the chance has gone. Not that it matters to Anouilh. For him death is the haven that all must desire, and he sees to it that in death Orpheus meets Eurydice again. Here, once more, I prefer to recall not the doctrine—the need to sacrifice imagined happiness—but the

theatrical relish of much of the writing and presentation, Peter Ashmore's craft as producer, Mai Zetterling's infinitely pathetic Eurydice, Stephen Murray's watchful calm as the "commercial traveller" who is lord of an underworld unguessed in Marseilles. The play should duly reach the West End: Kitty Black's translation runs fluently and whatever you may feel about Anouilh's form of escapism, you should find that the dramatist obliges you to think about his play long after it is over.

After the Anouilhs, more news from abroad: a play by Ernst Toller. True, the German origin of "Blind Man's Buff" is now hard to discern. I shall be astonished if this piece, which I saw recently at the Bristol Theatre Royal (the Bristol Old Vic), does not have its day in England at last, fourteen years after Denis Johnston adapted it. It derives from Toller's "The Blind

Goddess." This has been among my books for fifteen years, but I have never regarded it as more than a tedious and untidy melodrama. Denis Johnston has altered it almost out of knowledge: it appears as a compact, cunningly-devised play, with only thirteen characters against more than thirty in Toller's original. There is now an Irish setting (a change far better handled than when another dramatist transferred to Ireland a poor play of Anouilh). The death of a doctor's wife is investigated: the husband is tried for murder. In a notable court scene we learn the truth of someone's comment: "It's wrong

to hush anything up; it never pays in the long run"; and also the meaning of a programme quotation from the rules of evidence: "Except in special circumstances the accused cannot be questioned about his past life, but if he challenges the character of any one of the opposing witnesses, he may be cross-examined about his own." The adaptation is a drama of stinging vitality: I look forward to meeting it again and, I hope, with Denis Carey still as producer, and with Pamela Alan—an actress who can stand and listen on the stage—John Phillips as Eire's State Solicitor, Edward Burnham, Newton Blick, and the rest of the Bristol Old Vic company to illuminate the piece.

There has been relatively little in London. But when this appears the Old Vic will have returned to Waterloo Road; I hope to write later of its "Twelfth Night" ("What country, friends, is this?"). The West End offered "Music at Midnight" (His Majesty's).



A MUSICAL SHOW AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE STARRING THE "TAKE IT FROM HERE" RADIO TEAM: "TAKE IT FROM US"; CÆSAR (JIMMY EDWARDS) AND CLEOPATRA (JOY NICHOLS) IN A SKETCH FROM THEIR NEW REVUE.

depressing indeed. But we must acknowledge the quality of the stagecraft even when, as in "Point of Departure" (called "Eurydice" in the original), the play has a November chill. In effect, Anouilh suggests that life is a burden, death a comfort. We have but little here below, so why not escape from it?

It is possible—though, no doubt, most regrettable—to be less concerned with what Anouilh says than the way in which he says it, the spearing attack with which he points his theatrical situations. (I feel that many of his admirers, if they were fully candid, would admit that this is what they admire first.) Of the two plays I have seen recently, one in Birmingham, one in London, "Ardèle" (at Birmingham) is the more impressive. Here, between morn and midnight, in the setting of a French country house, the dramatist compels us to listen to his bitter fancies about love and life and death, to his now familiar faith that happiness is an illusion. (One remembers Shakespeare's Duke-Friar: "Happy thou art not; For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get, And what thou hast, forgett'st.") We are repelled but excited. "Ardèle" could be (and, I believe, has been) produced as a slick, heartless comedy: that must certainly be deplorable. The Birmingham Repertory found the right way. I admired the charged urgency of Douglas Seale's production in a Paul Shelving set of many levels; the theatrical atmospherics; the edge upon Anouilh's lines. There was one unlucky piece of miscasting; but a young actor, Eric Porter, and Lucienne Hill (who made the adaptation and who played a mad woman) were both first-rate. Even so, the night belonged, I thought, to Mr. Seale, Mr. Shelving—and M. Anouilh. I would like to see this partnership renewed in London, though many might echo the personages of a *Punch* drawing of long ago: "We have come to see the acting. We do not wish to understand the play."

"Ardèle" must surprise people who go to it expecting the capers of "Ring Round the Moon." So, too, must "Point of Departure" (Lyric, Hammersmith), in which Anouilh rehandles a classic myth: he tells the story of Orpheus (as a boy street musician) and of Eurydice, as a touring actress, in a setting of the French provinces. I shall think of this for its two railway-station scenes: the first on a busy, matter-of-fact evening; the second in night and silence when Eurydice is brought back from death so that Orpheus may have his chance



THE FRENCH SINGING STAR WHO, ON NOVEMBER 28, COMPLETES A FORTNIGHT'S ONE-MAN SHOW AT THE SAVILLE THEATRE: CHARLES TRENET, WHOSE REPERTOIRE OF SONGS INCLUDES THE WELL-KNOWN "BOUM!"



"A STRANGE, BITTER PLAY... THAT SHOULD DULY REACH THE WEST END": "POINT OF DEPARTURE," AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH, BY JEAN ANOUILH, TRANSLATED BY KITTY BLACK, SHOWING A SCENE FROM ACT II. WITH (L. TO R.) EURYDICE (MAI ZETTERLING), ORPHEUS (DIRK BOGARDE), AND THE WAITER (JOHN MOFFATT).

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"POINT OF DEPARTURE" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Here is Jean Anouilh's "Eurydice," translated by Kitty Black and performed with equal sensibility. If you do not worry too much about Anouilh's message, this is a strongly theatrical evening. Observe the piercing scene in which the dead Eurydice returns to Orpheus in, of all places, a deserted French provincial railway station before daybreak. A strange, bitter play: Mai Zetterling and Stephen Murray, in particular, give performances that dwell in the responsive mind. (Produced November 1.)

"MUSIC AT MIDNIGHT" (His Majesty's).—A musical play, to Offenbach melodies but hopelessly overweighted by its libretto. It is acted and sung with courage and has such players in the cast as Austin Trevor and George Benson. (Produced November 10.)

"BLIND MAN'S BUFF" (T.R., Bristol; the Bristol Old Vic).—Denis Johnston's fourteen-year-old adaptation of a play by Ernst Toller is set in Eire between the wars instead of in Germany; it contains far more of Johnston than Toller. A tense, exciting drama, produced by Denis Carey and acted by the Bristol Old Vic company with the clarity and vigour it deserves. (Produced November 7.)

"ISLE OF UMBRELLAS" (Embassy).—The gods appoint two fallible mortals as clerks of the weather: a blithe idea, repetitive in development. Marjorie Fielding does much for her authors, Peter Coke and Mabel L. Tyrrell. (Produced November 7.)

Here we were again in France, but not the France of Anouilh: I would like to see the dramatist having his ironic way with this news from abroad, a farrago of conventional nonsense: a Second Empire anecdote from one of those dim musical-comedy worlds where such a quip as "all cats are grey in the dark" is still the richest jest, and the course of true love remains choppy until the final curtain. The leading man (Andrew Osborn) impersonated Offenbach, and melodies by Offenbach helped to guide us through a long evening of gloom.

There should be no gloom this season at the Old Vic which, once more and happily, is back on the Surrey side. It is too long since Shakespeare (and Shaw) knocked 'em in Waterloo Road. For those of us—very many—who remember the high days of Lilian Baylis, there will be an emotional reunion. I shall think of John Gielgud's Oberon, a silver spirit; of Maurice Evans as he spoke Richard's "We are amazed" in noble declamation from the walls of Flint; of William Devlin's Lear, a felled forest-oak; of the voice of Ion Swinley; Edith Evans's terrifying aspect as the Witch of Edmonton; the excitement of Olivier's Hamlet; the same actor's Coriolanus to the Volumnia of Sybil Thorndike. And, with all, Lilian Baylis. I remember standing beside her in the doorway of the Marienlyst Hotel near Elsinore, on that stormy evening of 1937 when the Vic company should have played "Hamlet" in Kronborg courtyard. To the last minute she refused sturdily to believe that rain would stop the performance out-of-doors. She defied that dripping night as she had looked, undaunted, into the future of the Old Vic through all her years in Waterloo Road. Her ghost will surely be at the theatre, where the company is bringing to us its news from abroad. What country, friends, is this? . . . "I thank thee: lead me on."





"SEARLE'S DOAT-YARD," WHICH WAS SITUATED JUST ABOVE WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ON A SPOT NOW COVERED BY ALBERT EMBANKMENT.



"MAIDENHEAD BRIDGE," AN INTERESTING TOPOGRAPHICAL WATER-COLOUR DRAWING OF A WELL-KNOWN VIEW.



"THE REGISTRY OFFICE," A SATIRICAL RECORD OF AN ASPECT OF LIFE IN ROWLANDSON'S DAY CHARACTERISTIC OF HIS BRILLIANT, LIVELY ART.



"REVIEW IN THE MARKET PLACE, WINCHESTER"; A FAITHFUL RECORD OF A LIVELY CONTEMPORARY SCENE.



"DÖSSELDORF," A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BEARING A LONG DESCRIPTION ON THE VERSO IN THE ARTIST'S HAND.

THOMAS ROWLANDSON, "THE PICTORIAL DIARIST," DISPLAYED IN A TOURING LOAN EXHIBITION.

The Arts Council Loan Exhibition of 150 Thomas Rowlandson water-colours and drawings from Mr. Gilbert Davis's well-known collection, recently seen in London, is now touring important provincial galleries. It is at present on view at Derby and due to open at Stoke-on-Trent on December 9, while in the new year it is scheduled

to visit Newcastle, Bath and Wakefield. Thomas Rowlandson (1756-1827) was a "pictorial diarist" as well as a skilful draughtsman, and his interest in contemporary life adds to his fascination, as Mr. Gilbert Davis points out in the excellent introduction he has contributed to the catalogue.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. CONTRASTS IN STYLES.

By FRANK DAVIS.

"THE horse," most of us learnt during our very tender salad days, "is a noble animal and the friend of man," and, taken by and large, the greater part of the population of these islands marches through life with that copybook maxim engraved upon its collective heart—and this in spite of the counter-attraction of the internal-combustion engine and of later experience in the management of a creature which can be exceedingly beautiful but not notably intelligent. Let anyone who has illusions upon this last point turn out a bunch of horses in a field with a donkey, and watch who takes the lead and imposes his will upon the rest. Even those who regard each end of a horse—both the biting and the kicking end—with the gravest suspicion, are not immune from a sentimental toleration for his waywardness, and it is no wonder that artists, both great and small, in every age have endeavoured to display him to us, some with photographic accuracy, others with fumbling, hesitant fingers. The former have sometimes given us the material aspect without the spirit, the latter have often produced a travesty of his shape, but, in spite of their deficiencies, one clear-cut facet of his equine character.

Some weeks ago I wrote about the collection of models of horses formed by the late Seton Murray Thomson, and now in the Glasgow Gallery; it is probable that among those many models from all over the world are two from the same stable, as it were, as Figs. 2 and 3 here. These happen to be part of the Willett collection at Brighton, and I think they deserve a note, not only because they are good-tempered creatures, if a trifle odd, but because, modest, homely farmhouse mantelpiece ornaments though they

village of the Dordogne by some boys who fell through a hole into a great cave and ran home to tell their sceptical schoolmaster. By an extraordinary chance the Abbé Breuil had escaped from Occupied France and was living in the vicinity, and that great authority was able to visit the cave within a day or so of the discovery—but that is another and a fascinating story.

The point is, I suggest, that whoever produced this mottled Staffordshire group about the year 1740—Astbury or Whieldon, or someone like them—had a similar cast of mind to that of the unknown painter

given her a pretty good seat and I like her straight back and the way the left arm is held in front of her. On the whole, we can conclude that he knew what horsemanship means and has managed to express his ideas with uncommon skill—or was he just copying some print? Idle speculation, in his case, but not so when we consider the author of Fig. 2. This man is no "horse master" but what an eye he has for the human comedy! Something has occurred to halt the horse and his two riders—they have been held up on the way to market and, to judge by the steady gaze of the man and the sour, disapproving glance of the lady, someone has shouted uncomplimentary remarks—the man is pretending not to hear, and the horse appears to be enjoying the joke as much with his head as with his ridiculous stump of a tail. In short, peasant art, downright, salty and vigorous and a little masterpiece of its kind.

Now for a remarkable result of evolution in style. Fig. 1 shows two of a series of tiles of Liverpool tin enamelled ware made about 1760. They represent well-known actors and actresses of the period; this must have been a popular series in its day, and indeed, is interesting and amusing enough. The figures are, of course, derived from prints and are, in fact, themselves printed. They come down from a long and most

distinguished ancestry—Persian, Dutch, German, Spanish—many varieties will be familiar to everybody, including some Victorian and modern banalities. Early Persian, Turkish and Spanish are in a class by themselves; the best known and the most charming among the later types are, I think, the Dutch blue-and-white and certain French tiles from Rouen. But it is just as well to remind ourselves that pretty trivialities such as these eighteenth-century Liverpool tiles mark the decadence



FIG. 1. REPRESENTING WELL-KNOWN ACTORS AND ACTRESSES OF THE PERIOD: TWO LIVERPOOL TIN ENAMELLED WARE TILES, c. 1760. Frank Davis writes of these objects, "pretty trivialities such as these eighteenth-century Liverpool tiles mark the decadence of what was once a truly noble forceful mediæval tradition."



of—how much?—20,000 years previously. Neither were worried about schools or academies or theories of æsthetics, but put down quite simply not so much what they saw as what they wanted us to see: they were genuine simpletons and therefore refreshing. They lacked certain kinds of skill but possessed the essentials. Easy to imitate? By no means, for that sort of simple-mindedness is rare indeed.

Now Fig. 3, which dates from about 1820, moves in a different world—a nursery world, if you like, with his gay stripes and mannered prancing, but none the less a nursery conception derived from grand exemplars. Where have we seen this sort of animal before? In dozens of equestrian portraits of great kings and greater captains, beneath spreading trees amid the smoke and flame of battlefields. And who invented him? No less a personage than Peter Paul Rubens. (Earlier horses are more stylised—compare a Rubens with a Clouet horse.) You see him in many of that great painter's canvases, in the courtly portraits of Van Dyck, in the innumerable paintings of Louis XIV.—in fact, he is everywhere from the seventeenth century onwards in varying degrees of animated nobility. In short, he is a standard and well-loved type, and here he is again, firmly fixed in the mind's eye of an anonymous Staffordshire potter at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Well aware of his breeding and by no means ashamed of it—all of which goes to show, if I am not talking arrant nonsense, that there is not much that is new under the sun and that great artists influence later generations in unexpected ways. He is a horse who can do justice to his *haute école* training, and now, having, praised him, we can turn our attention to the rider.

She is no less clearly well-bred, on the plump side and a trifle smug. The potter seems to have had difficulty with her legs and leaves us in some doubt as to whether he knows what a side-saddle is, but he has



FIG. 2. AN EXAMPLE OF PEASANT ART, AND A LITTLE MASTERPIECE OF ITS KIND: A STAFFORDSHIRE GROUP, c. 1740.

The naïve humour of this modest homely farmhouse mantelpiece ornament marks it out as the product of a highly original mind, and Frank Davis writes of it "a little masterpiece of its kind."

are, one of them is the product of a highly original mind, while the other can claim a genuinely distinguished ancestry. Indeed, some might say that he is a little self-conscious about it. The first is not at all self-conscious, though he could be proud enough if he only knew it, for this kind of untutored naïveté is to be seen, I suggest, though expressed in more flowing subtle rhythms, in the paintings of prehistoric horses discovered as recently as 1941 near a little



FIG. 3. A NURSERY CONCEPTION DERIVED FROM GRAND EXEMPLARS: A STAFFORDSHIRE EQUESTRIENNE, c. 1820.

The "mannered prancing" of this gaily-striped horse is inspired by the chargers depicted in portraits and battlepieces, from the seventeenth century onwards, and originally derives from Rubens.

Illustrations on this page by Courtesy of the Willett Collection, Brighton Gallery.

### "WITH BEST WISHES"

It is by no means too early to think of Christmas presents—especially for friends overseas. Those in search of a present likely to be appreciated will find that a year's subscription to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS provides an ideal gift.

Each week as the new copy arrives, the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought and good wishes of his or her friend at home in Britain. Orders for subscriptions for THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS to be sent overseas can now be taken. They should be addressed to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, and include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. Canada £5; Elsewhere abroad £5 5s. (to include the Christmas Number).

of what was once a truly noble forceful mediæval tradition of which certain vestiges remain on the floors of churches and yet more rarely in a few ancient houses in Europe; for instance, such purely heraldic designs as may be found in fifteenth-century ceiling tiles from Spain. These represent something genuinely grand and majestic, and immensely and almost overpoweringly alive.



PICASSO'S "ARCHAIC" STYLE:  
A SHOW OF WORKS THAT MIGHT  
PUZZLE ARCHÆOLOGISTS.



"JUG WITH NUDES"  
Height 12½ ins. Dated 13.1.48.



"THE GOAT VASE."  
Height 12½ ins.



"CROCK WITH MAN'S HEAD."  
Height 12½ ins. Dated 23.1.48.



"STANDING WOMAN, 1947."  
Bronze. Height 9½ ins.



"VASE, 1948," DRAWING IN INK.  
25½ ins. by 19½ ins. Signed.



"SEATED WOMAN, 1947."  
Bronze. Height 6½ ins.



"THE RED BIRD, 1948."  
Widest dimension 14½ ins.



"THE CENTAUR, 1948."  
Widest dimension 14½ ins.

"Picasso in Provence" has been chosen as the title for the Arts Council exhibition of Pablo Picasso's latest paintings, drawings, lithographs, plates, bronzes and ceramics at the New Burlington Galleries, which will continue until December 16. The works on view, fruits of the artist's latest period, which began in 1946, include classical subjects in the lithographs and plates, and a number of the remarkable jugs, dishes and pots he has produced, inspired by the technique

of the ancient Madoura pottery. He has taken daring liberties with his materia and achieved astonishing colour effects and forms which, according to *The Time* art critic, might upset the calculations of archæologists should they dig up example: on an ancient site. The artist was to have attended the private view, but cancelled his acceptance "in view of the British Government's repressive attitude towards the second World Peace Congress."



# NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

ROUGHLY, one might say that there are two ways in which a writer can depict the human scene. He may suggest that all men are brothers—differing in this or that, often estranged by circumstances, but the same in essence; and therefore no one can be unintelligible, no complexities are past praying for. All the great novelists are in this class; they make one feel at home with mankind. And all naively bad ones have the same outlook. But others take, or anyhow suggest, a different view: that men are foreigners and incompatibles, unlike in essence and defying approach. And that is also good; it keeps one humble, conscious of the daunting surface of life.

"The Mango on the Mango Tree," by David Mathew (Collins; 9s. 6d.), is extremely daunting; it is a shadow-show of incompatibles. Its people, thrown together by a flight across Africa, appear to have no common blood. Separately, they can be understood in a way; Archbishop Mathew can explain them all. The languid, noble Ethiopian, the young Empire-builder, the ageing and absconding crook, the official's wife, the Polish exile, the Italian, royalist ex-prisoner, the cultured and defeatist Frenchman, the haunted Jew—and then the Africans of every type: the black men on the airfield, the native missionary, the London-educated Civil Servant. They come and go—for this is not a story on the "Grand Hotel" model; the characters are merely thrown together, not merged in action. And in default of action, they have no meeting-place. They are shut off and mutually repellent, or politely unsociable—only concerned to lose each other and get back to real living. Not, one would think, a likely set-up for a novel. What is worse still, for all we are allowed to see, this estranging surface might be the whole truth. We are admitted to their minds, but those, too, are incompatible—full-furnished with opinion, background and lone self-interest, sealed against new impressions. Well may they find each other boring. They are so alien and stagnant, that they tend to bore one as well.

But never quite. For though the surface is the whole book, its virtuosity and range take one's breath away. Though it has no plot, it fairly dazzles one with motion. The camera is never still; the people flash in and out, all strangers, endless in variety, and all firmly drawn. The writer's information is conveyed through the stream of consciousness, and so allusively that it is apt to miss fire. For which, in a conventional technique, there can be no ground of plausibility. But still, the whole procession is a *tour de force*; and some parts are something finer.

"Call for a Miracle," by Benedict Kiely (Cape; 10s. 6d.), has a different foreignness: the queer and concentrated foreignness of Holy Ireland. Boiled down, the action is romantic and very slender. Young Mary Fergus, exquisite and convent-bred, is at war with man, because her father ill-used his wife. This dark experience has warped her soul, and flung her on defiant courses. Then pity tricks her into love—for a helpless invalid, strapped down in an arc upon a steel frame. At first, her sympathy is a malicious feint; then it comes true, and finally becomes love and happiness. Till now, the young man's domineering but devoted mother has been all for her and, indeed, all over her. For Mrs. Murray judged by appearances, and the appearances are charming. But now a pious friend learns the truth, and scurries to enlighten her. Secure in Dave's immobility, she turns the bad girl from her door—and the results are fatal.

If that were everything, the book would seem rather empty. But really it is not at all like that. It is full of Dublin: Dublin the neutral city, with its hills and sea, its drunkards and debaters, its assertion and pride of liberty, its small-town memories and infiltration of holiness. Though Brian Flood, a bonhomous and intellectual journalist, has cast off the old ideas, they rule his life just the same. His marriage ended in a separation—all right elsewhere; in Ireland shameful and peculiar, and he feels it so. In early youth, he loved Christine; then small-town gossip was the blight, now it is fear of hell. Peter, the lovable and childlike priest who works miracles (though not in this story), has no need to remonstrate; he need only ask if Mr. Flood is not married. Mary's experiments in blackmail are a joke to her country maid, but courtship is no joke at all; it means coercing some reluctant youth into a firm offer. But the oppression is not merely sexual. To English readers, there seems a dead-end feeling, an exuberance without gaiety, a want of kindness and hope. Yet—as we feel here all the time—so much loveliness. A thrilling and poetic city, a romantic island—but hard and fey.

"The Sons of Brutus," by John Culshaw (Secker and Warburg; 10s. 6d.), brings a return to normal vision and complete fellowship. Though it takes place among the rubble of a shattered town in Bavaria. The Americans have just moved in, and only just begun to organise. The Germans live as they can. A few, like Hans and Elsa, have been reunited against all hope, and only want to live in peace. But Manfred wants something big; he is alone and derelict, attuned to violence, and he wants to be a strong man. And here the place for strong men is the *Krokodil*—once a floating night-club, but now a citadel for D.P.s and local crime. And in the *Krokodil* he meets Herr Bracht, his old schoolmaster. This deferential, educated man, "the type we should encourage," has a great pull with Colonel Hagen. But he approaches Manfred in a different style. He talks of opportunity, adaptability—and Manfred laps it all up. Here is the providential guide. . . . The theme develops as a crime story, full of excitement and suspense, though earnest and sympathetic.

This is a more exciting book than the professed thriller, "The Cabinda Affair," by Matthew Head (Heinemann; 9s. 6d.)—again American, but with a good Congo background. Indeed, the background is the leading charm. The story turns upon a contract with Portugal, for a consignment of mahogany they may not have and so far have not delivered. This is their last chance; and the narrator, a U.S. agent, is sent down to Cabinda to inspect the wood. To his astonishment, the wood seems all right. A corpse turns up, a female missionary comes to the rescue. . . . Milieu first-rate and sensitive, narration snappy. Yet somehow one is not absorbed.

## CHess NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

HERE is the score of a game played between the champions of Belgium and Finland respectively, in the International Team Tournament held at Dubrovnik on the Adriatic in August and September. O'Kelly de Galway (whose family, so obviously Irish on the male side originally, went to Flanders many generations back) wins by methods simple to the point of primitiveness.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
O'Kelly.	Böök.	O'Kelly.	Böök.
1. P-Q4	P-Q4	3. P-K3	P-K3
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	4. QKt-Q2	P-B4

White has adopted the system of play made famous by Colle, the greatest Belgian player before O'Kelly. White quietly prepares to explode in the centre by P-K4.

5. P-B3 QKt-Q2 6. B-Q3 B-Q3  
A microscopic inaccuracy, of the sort that modern masters exploit with ruthless precision. Better 6. . . B-K2—we shall see why.

7. Q-K2 Q-B2 10. BP×P P×P  
8. Castles Castles 11. Kt×P Kt-Q4  
9. P-K4 BP×P

We see why 6. . . B-K2 would have been better. If Black wishes to avoid the slightly deleterious loss of a B for a Kt, he has to waste a move retiring his B now.

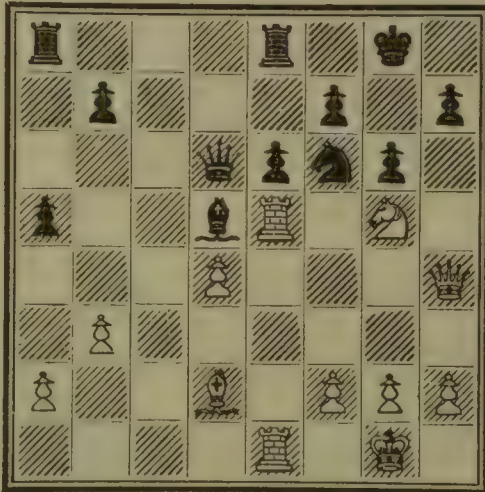
12. Kt×B Q×Kt 13. Q-K4  
I must say I find delightfully primeval the way in which White uses the king's file to swing first his queen, then a rook over to menace Black's king.

13. QKt-B3 15. KR-K1 KR-B1  
14. Q-R4 B-Q2 16. R-K5 P-KKt3  
The last thing Black wants to do is to commit himself to any pawn moves on his menaced king's wing; but there was no ignoring the threat of 17. B-KKt5, followed by 18. B×Kt, Kt×B; 19. B×RPch, Kt×B; 20. R-KR5, etc.

17. B-Q2 P-QR3 20. B-Kt1 P-QR4  
18. QR-K1 B-R5 21. Kt-Kt5! R-K1  
19. P-QKt3 B-Kt4

The point being that White threatened all sorts of vicious sacrificial attacks commencing with 22. Kt×KP!

22. B-K4 B-B3 23. B×Kt B×B  
BLACK.



WHITE.

The alternative, 23. . . P×B, would have lost a pawn by 24. B×P! (24. . . R×B; 25. R×Rch, B×R; 26. R×Bch!, etc.)

24. Kt×KP! Kt-Q2

Or, 24. . . P×Kt; 25. Q×Kt. Or, 24. . . R×Kt; 25. R×R, P×R; 26. Q×Kt; White always remains a pawn up with a superior position.

25. Kt-Kt5 Kt×R 27. P×Kt Q-Kt3

26. Q×Pch K-B1

The final blow. If 27. . . R×P?; 28. Q-R8ch, and White can pick up whichever rook he chooses.

28. P-K6 Black resigns.

If, 28. . . B×KP; 29. R×B. If, 28. . . Q-B2; 29. P-K7ch. Mate follows in either case.

# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## BEAUTY AND RELIGION.

I AM not myself greatly addicted to anthologies. It is seldom that one wishes to read them through from cover to cover (indeed, they are scarcely intended for such usage), and one is too often irked by what one considers sins of omission or commission on the part of the anthologist. This week, however, I must set before you three anthologies which have given me great pleasure. The first is "The Religion of Beauty" (with the sub-title "Selections from the Aesthetes"), arranged by Richard Aldington and published by Messrs. Heinemann at 12s. 6d. The poets and writers here represented are almost exclusively the products—and the rebels—of the nineteenth century. As Mr. Aldington in his admirable introduction, which is instinct with scholarship and human perception, says, it is fairly easy to fix a terminal date for the aesthetes—the trial and condemnation of Oscar Wilde in 1896 (though, as he again points out, "the most courageous and the most gifted of the 'die-hards,'" Rachel Annand Taylor, did not begin to write until 1904—and was received with indifference and hostility in consequence). The aesthetes were literary pre-Raphaelites—and many of the artistic pre-Raphaelites were in their ranks and are represented in this book. They were in revolt, consciously, unconsciously or self-consciously, against the philistine wealth created by the industrial revolution. They went to their dictionaries for good, lush words and to the classics or the Middle Ages for their subject-matter. They were, one feels, never far from manfully suppressed tears, and they suffered from a sort of congenital hæmophilia of the heart. At the same time they confronted whatever gods there be with heads which were dramatically bloody and ostentatiously unbowed. They could, they would have us know (and to use an idiom they would have abominated), "take it." In addition they thought and wrote much about "Love"—and although unkind critics have suggested that their fair ladies' swan-like necks betrayed incipient goitre and their pallor could be attributed to the inadequate aperients of the time, the "Love" of the aesthetes was infinitely preferable to the canned "lurve" of modern Hollywood. It is difficult to take them wholly seriously—and equally difficult not to be charmed by them. I find myself (I suffer from an irritatingly photographic memory) repeating a whole series of stanzas or couplets and having to go back to Mr. Aldington's book to make sure I've got them right. Even the irritating cadences of Swinburne's "Faustine" have wedged themselves into a lobe of the brain like a blackberry pip. There are some lovely things—notably Fiona Macleod's "Rune of the Passion of Women," which I had never read before—and the whole is illuminated by Mr. Aldington's fastidious taste. (May I take this opportunity of expressing my gratitude for the story of Ruskin which concludes: "Pure water-colour, my lord"?)

"The Religion of Beauty" serves as an excellent introduction to my next anthology. This is "A Year of Grace," by Victor Gollancz (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.). Mr. Gollancz calls his book: "Passages chosen and arranged to express a mood about God and man." In placing it side by side with Mr. Aldington's anthology, I would like to call it "The Beauty of Religion." Throughout the works of the aesthetes there is a nagging sense of despair, a deep, spiritual unhappiness which must come to the sensitive who try to live by and on the senses alone. (I should be most interested—and perhaps Mr. Aldington could tell me—to know whether the "Ode to the Setting Sun," by Francis Thompson, which he quotes, was written before or after "The Hound of Heaven," which is so rightly included in Mr. Gollancz's anthology.) Mr. Gollancz—once the darling of the extreme Left and, by inference, therefore, of all that is most materialistic—has accomplished a long and, as he himself suggests in a model foreword, at times a deeply painful spiritual pilgrimage. This anthology, as he suggests, should be read as a consecutive whole. Random dips will remain a recurrent delight, but the book entire is a moving experience. I am sorry that there is only one—if admirable—extract from Chesterton, and I would have included at least one Belloc, his poem on "Courtesy." But then, that is the trouble, once you start discussing an anthology in detail!

Mr. Gollancz draws on the vast store of his culture to include quotations from the thinkers and teachers of all the great religions. So, too, does Mr. Joseph James in "The Way of Mysticism" (Cape; 10s. 6d.), the third of my anthologies and in no way inferior in its *genre* to the other two. Mr. James, appalled by the consequences for civilisation of the atomic bomb, has produced this anthology, the purpose of which is to prove the spiritual links between all religions, or, rather, their highest common factor, the revelation accorded to their devotees. Accordingly he ranges from St. John of the Cross to Shintoism and from Kierkegaard and Meister Eckhardt to Radhakrishnan. He devotes a great deal of space—and rightly—to St. Teresa of Avila. Besides being a great mystic, St. Teresa was a great aristocrat. (I always like the story of St. Teresa towards the end of her life remonstrating with the Almighty for allowing her litter to be dropped in an icy winter stream. The Almighty replied that he always treated His friends like that. "H'm," snorted St. Teresa, most humanly, "and that's why you have so few of them.") An excellent book which should be placed on the same shelf with that of Mr. Gollancz.

Professor Albert Einstein in "Out of My Later Years" (Thames and Hudson; 15s.), finds himself a believer in God. As he says in this collection of *obiter dicta* on subjects which range from higher mathematics (which are beyond me) to the finances of the new State of Israel: "Science without religion is lame, religion without science is blind." But he finds the existence of a personal God a difficulty. He is not the first great modern scientist to progress some way from Darwinism, and the views on this, as on other subjects, of this gentle little man will be read with great interest.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

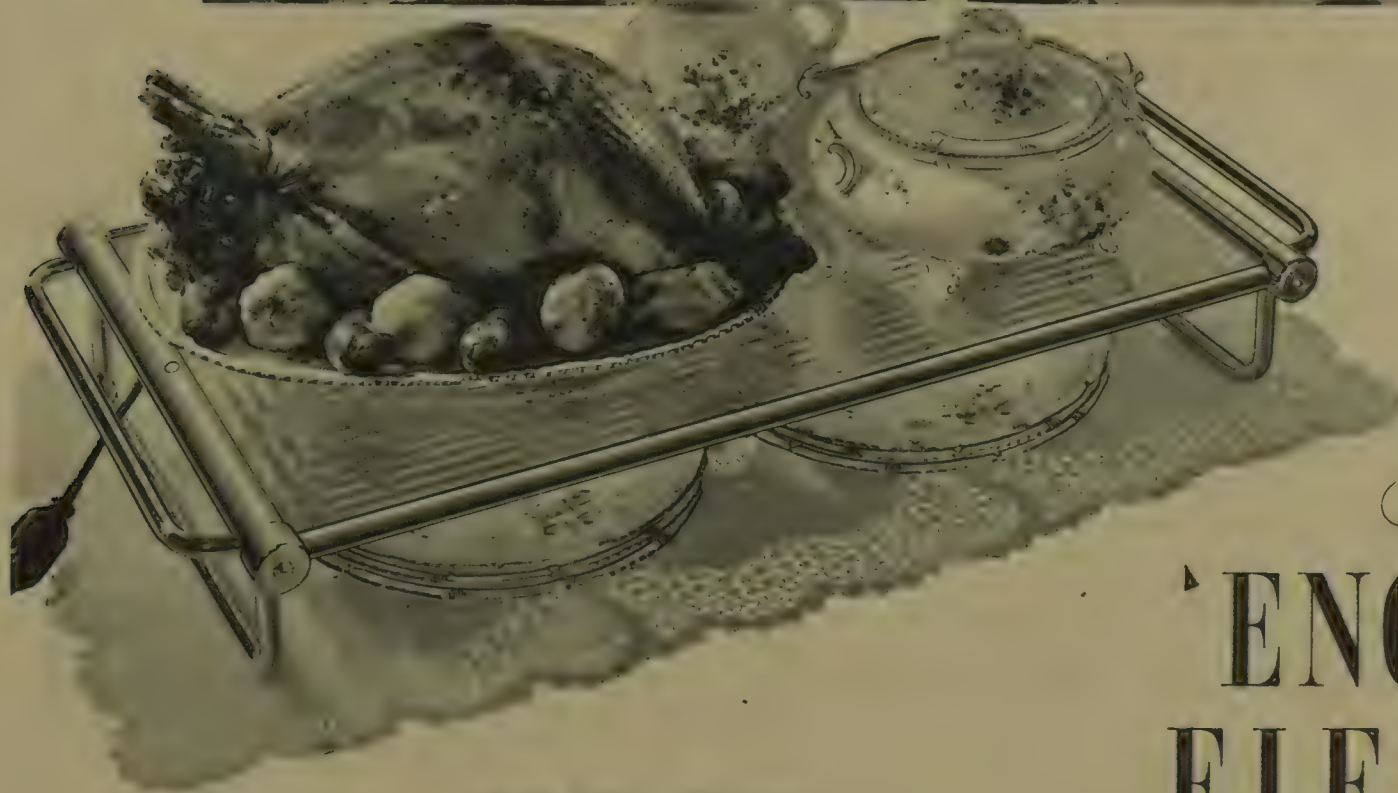
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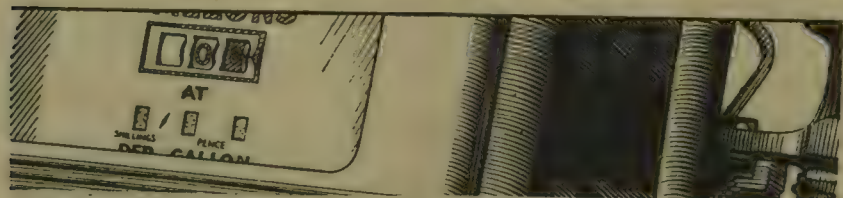




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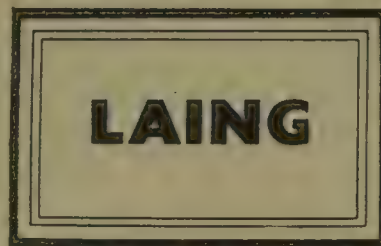
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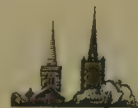


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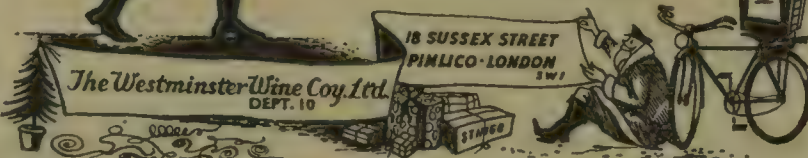
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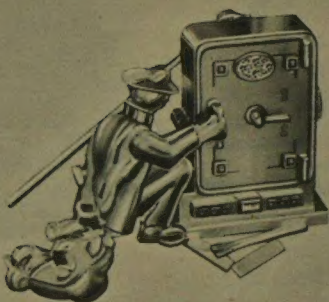


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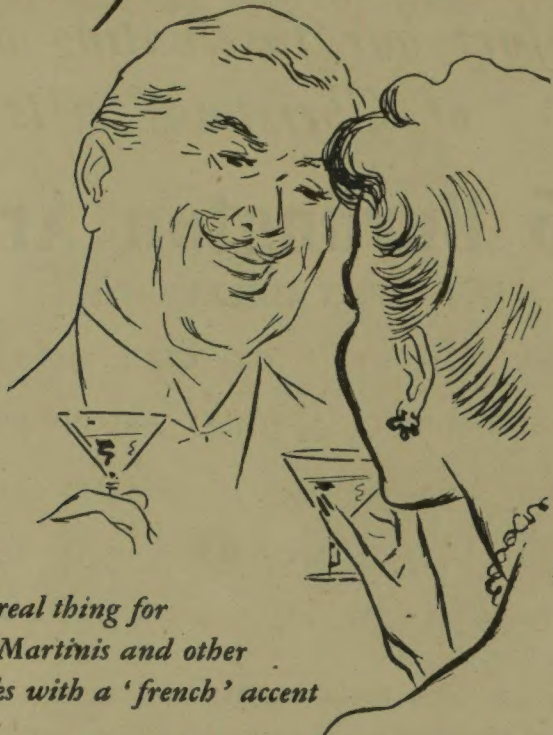
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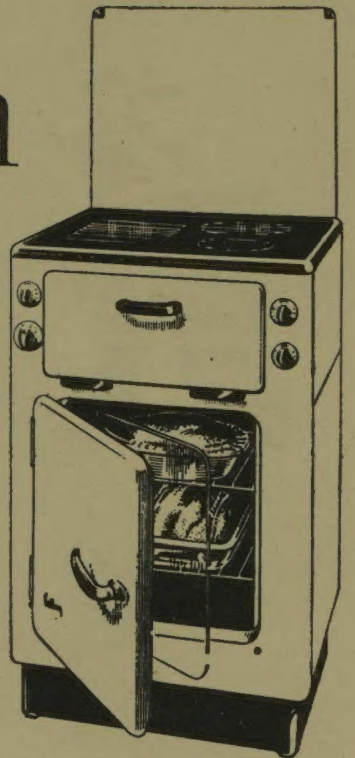
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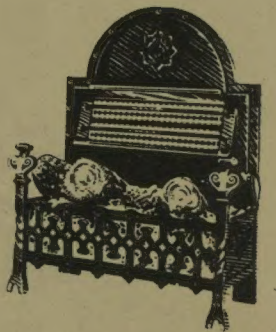


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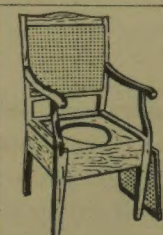
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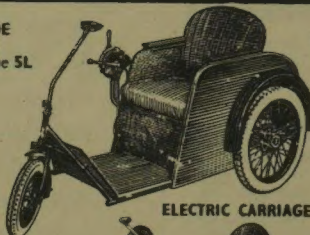


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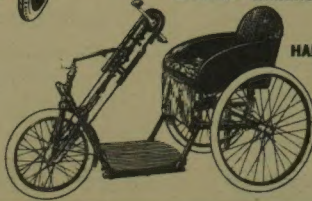


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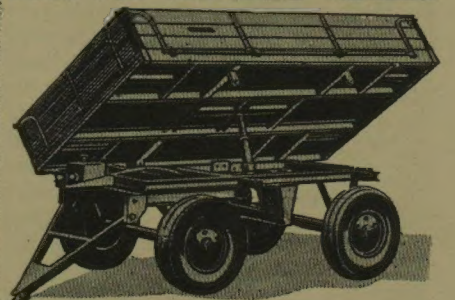


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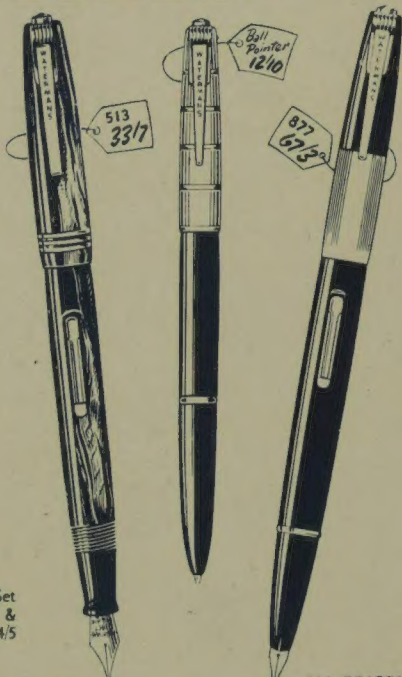
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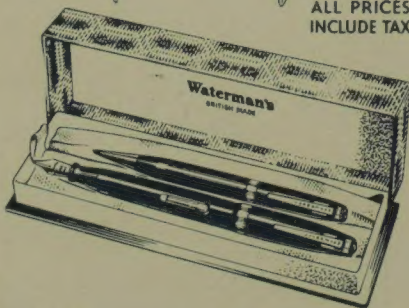
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